

# Graphic



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## A Definition of the Word "Graft"

By BEN C. TRUMAN

During the cross-examination of one of the boodling supervisors in San Francisco last week said witness pretended not to understand the meaning of the word graft, (or grafter,) and speciously asked: "What is the real definition of the word graft? What is graft? What is grafting? What is a grafter?"

Now, had I been present and had an opportunity to have answered the fellow, I could have elucidated to the boodler's heart's content:

The monosyllable "Graft" is a slang word, and a new one; and although only a few years old, its paternity cannot be traced. It was first used by some editor, and is most fetching in its signification. And while it is in a way synonymous with the word boodle, it is not an exact synonym; for it is not only applied to those who bestow and receive bribes, but to all kinds of blackmailers, official and otherwise. Thus, the person who threatens competition, with no intent of establishing the same, is a "grafter." His real business is to "sell out"—or, as the term is more generally used, to be "bought off." From new peanut stands to new gas works, means, in a majority of cases, a movement towards "selling out." In other words, it is a "graft." And whether the operators are poor street vendors or rich capitalists, they are "grafters," all the same. Straw bids on mail contracts, agreements between newspapers for one to make a high bid on official printing and the others to divide is a graft; and many of the methods employed by druggists, school-book and school-furniture dealers, brick-makers, and others having dealings with state, county and municipal governments, are grafts. To graft, then, means to bribe or to accept a bribe; to steal, to rob, to blackmail; and the term will soon appear in all revised editions of slang and standard dictionaries, as it has "come to stay." That graft in business be reduced to a minimum is just as essential as that boodlers be cast out. The two are allied; and, in the long run, while the one flourishes so will the other.

As a matter of fact these San Francisco grafters are a job lot compared with statesmen higher up; for there is no stronger nor more indubitable presentment of "graft" than that practiced by our National lawmakers, all, or nearly all of our Senators and

Congressmen being grafters! This is a somewhat severe term to apply to men who are presumed to be on the dead square—but let us see: The Government of the United States pays its Senators and Representatives \$5,000 annually, and mileage at the rate of ten cents a mile in going to Washington and returning. A majority of them travel on free passes, and the mileage is, therefore, just so much money added to their income. In addition each Senator and Representative has an allowance of \$1,200 a year for clerk hire. In some cases, sons, daughters, or wives are appointed to this office, and the legislator does the secretary's work himself, and pockets the \$1,200. In either case, Secretaries are appointed for part of the year only, and receive part of the money, the remainder going to the Congressman. There is also an allowance for stationery, upon which levies of all sorts are made. At times, shoeblacking, toothpicks, chewing-gum, and quinine pills are classed as "stationery." Chairmen of committees appoint clerks, deputy clerks, and messengers. In many cases the appointees are sons, sons-in-law, or relatives of the chairmen. When the bearded Peffer succeeded the bright Ingalls as chairman of the utterly useless committee to examine the several branches of the civil service he appointed his daughter the clerk at \$1,440 a year, and his son the messenger at the same salary, and so the Peffer family made a handsome living. Senator Colquitt appointed his son, aged twelve years, a messenger at \$120 a month; and Senator Mills appointed his son clerk of his committee at \$2,200 a year, and told the messenger of the committee to do the work.

In order that I may not be taken to account for my statement above concerning our most august of all grafters I would further say that Mr. Charles G. Bennett, Secretary of the United States Senate, publishes a little book once a year that would come quickly into the list of the "six best sellers" if it were advertised judiciously. No one connected with the enterprise, however, seems particularly anxious to give the volume any undue publicity, and its charms are usually reserved for those who have learned the merits of the publication. Mr. Bennett's volume for 1907 has just been issued from the press under the unattractive title of "Re-

port of the Secretary of the United States Senate." It starts off in a very prosy way to show how many bills were introduced, killed, passed or held up in committees. The statistical introduction is about as uninteresting as a speech on the silver question, but over in the back of the book is some reading of a highly entertaining character. The fascinating section of the Bennett report deals with the manner in which the United States Senate spends its "contingent" fund, a modest amount that is incorporated in the appropriation bills at the close of every session. The report for the present year shows that the United States Senators are a thirsty lot, as they consumed in the last fiscal year 860 cases of mineral water, costing \$4504.70. They also spent \$2025.87 for carbonized mineral water and \$318.97 for lemons and sugar, making a total of \$6849.54 for harmless drinkables for the session, and not a drop of booze included. Since there are ninety Senators, the per capita consumption of mineral water for the season was about \$76. Speculation as to whether the Senators had any "chasers" to go with that amount of mineral water, or used the mineral water to take the taste of something else out of their mouths, is cut short by astonishment at the next item on the list: "One skirt trunk, \$26.70." Mr. Bennett cruelly fails to throw any light on this item, even to telling who the lucky, or unlucky, purchaser was. It is suspected, however, that the skirt trunk went to the same Senator who had "Cosmetique, 40 cents," charged to his share of the contingent fund. Two branding irons, costing \$3.50, are on the list, presumably supplied to Senator Tillman. While the Senate chamber, viewed from the gallery, looks like the first row at a vaudeville performance, the account of Mr. Bennett shows that he supplied the august Senators with a variety of tonics and preparations for the hair. Here are some of the entries: Bay rum, \$30.25; witch hazel, \$14; hair tonics, \$30.55; Ballantine, \$1.20. There was also a modest outlay of \$510.21 for sponges. Six sewing sets at a total cost of \$26.50, and manicure sets valued at \$209.75 also figure in the list, while glove and handkerchief sets, opera bags and engagement pads make up a \$300 total.

The San Francisco grafters must "go way back and sit down."



R. H. Hay Chapman  
Editor

# Graphic

Winfield Scott  
Manager

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## Matters of Moment

### Ripley Pessimistic.

Some one who has the good of the West at heart should take Mr. E. P. Ripley in hand and eliminate from the railroad magnate's system, the dose of pessimism with which he is afflicted. To hear Mr. Ripley tell about it the far west and the middle west are to undergo hard times, just because a parcel of Wall Street gamblers have been through a squeeze. Most people believe that the real industries of the country are not dependent upon the gambling whims of "The Street." Mr. Ripley is talking about retrenchment; about making no improvements; about the "gloomy outlook for the future."

Mr. Ripley's road, the Santa Fe, has done more business in the past year than ever before in its history. Its record in attempting to handle the volume of business thrust upon it by its customers is not alluring or satisfactory. Go up the street and talk to any merchant, and ask what the Santa Fe has been able to do in the way of quick delivery. Almost without exception the reply will be that the Santa Fe has been unable to meet the demands made upon it.

The worthy president of the Santa Fe, instead of uttering Jeremiads, would be in better business trying to meet the calls made upon the company for transportation facilities.

The "Graphic" admits to a friendly feeling for the Santa Fe Route. We have always believed that the coming of this road was the "making" of Southern California. We are twenty-five years ahead of the Northern part of the state, because the Santa Fe, elected to reach Los Angeles, and then to San Francisco. But that doesn't prevent our admonishing the President of the Santa Fe that his recent utterances have smacked of the foolish. Attend to the business of the road, Mr. Ripley, and cease wailing. Your road now does more business than it can handle.

### Doran's Sand Grab.

His name is E. A. Doran. We have seen the name somewhere but cannot associate it

with any particular individual. Reference to the city directory says that he is president of the Doran, Brouse & Price Company, who in turn, are in "oil, oiled roads, grading contractors and real estate."

An any rate there is nothing small about E. A. Doran. He wants to monopolize the sand in the river bed. To this end he has asked the city council for a forty-nine-year exclusive permit to excavate the sand; he offers to pay a small royalty of course. But experience has proved that where a monopoly is given, the monopolist does not pay such royalties. He raises the price of his commodity to a figure which makes the consumers pay the royalty and a fine perquisite for the monopolist as well.

Mr. Doran, we presume, is "in politics." If he were not he would not have the presumption to attempt this grab. To defeat this scheme will require publicity, watchfulness and maybe the referendum.

Most people do not realize what free sand means to the development of Los Angeles. We have seen estimates that as high as 2000 yards of sand a day have been taken from this free sand pit. It is there for the hauling, and no one can monopolize it. Every yard that is taken out is a guarantee that floods will not sweep over the lower part of the city. The prize that Mr. Doran seeks has been sought before; we do not see how he can have the nerve to make the present proposition, unless he has hatched and cooked up some deal with the council and was assured that it might pass.

For consummate impudence his proposal is entitled to first rank. Why should the city of Los Angeles surrender on E. A. Doran and his assigns—who will probably be some political quasi-public corporation—a King's ransom? Forty-nine year of Sand Monopoly? Insuring the total assurance of it.

Los Angeles has had one experience in permitting "private enterprise" to roost on city property. In 1903 the city leased the water rights for forty years to Prudent Healy, and his associates. Out of that concession arose the City Water Company. It eventually cost the city between \$2,000,000

and \$3,000,000 to recover its own property after the expiration of the lease; and that only by compromising litigation that bade fair to be interminable.

Mr. Doran should retire! The council should remember the attempt to grab the river bed for electric railroad purposes!

It is most amazing that one of the councilmen at last Monday's meeting, who was most intent on giving somebody a monopoly of the sand upon some terms, is Mr. A. J. Wallace, of the Fifth Ward. Mr. Wallace was elected a Non-Partisan and the Non-Partisans of this city have always stood upon a platform against special privileges. Mr. Wallace, we understand, wishes to add to the city revenues. Mr. Wallace, if we remember right, is a God fearing citizen of the type to which Mr. E. T. Earl refers as representing the "Christian Manhood" of Los Angeles. This being true we would respectfully refer Mr. Wallace to the twenty fifth chapter of Genesis. There is an interesting story there about a certain business transaction between Jacob and Esau. And part of this chapter reads:

"and he sold his birthright unto Jacob.

"Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentiles; and he did eat and drink, and rose up, and went his way; thus Esau despised his birthright."

### A Tragedy and Some Lessons.

If, through the tragic and lamentable death of Mrs. James P. Burns, the women of this community can be taught that gasoline under certain circumstances is as dangerous as dynamite, her untimely and awful end will not have been in vain. Plenty of people lose their lives through incautious use of this inflammable liquid, but it is not often that one as widely known as was Mrs. Burns dies from this cause. When the life of the wife of a workingman is snuffed out in this manner, the great heedless world says "too bad" if it says anything at all—and rushes on. When the wife of a man as well-known as Mr. James P. Burns is sacrificed, we are apt to devote more time to reflection.

There are thousands, tens of thousands, of



people who will not have gasoline about their homes under any circumstances whatever. They think, and rightly, that a keg of gun powder is about as safe as a five gallon can of gasoline. But there are other thousands and tens of thousands who handle gasoline as though it were as innocuous as water. They are the people whose names go to swell the list of persons burned to death or horribly disfigured by this agent of destruction. As far as the writer is concerned he wouldn't have a gasoline stove, a five gallon can of gasoline—no, even a bottle of gasoline about his premises under any pretext or excuse whatsoever. It is far better to let the professional cleaners do their work than to risk fire and death with

this dangerous liquid.

And while the topic of the use of gasoline is under consideration, another and widely different question is suggested. If women are careless with gasoline, they are still more careless in alighting from the street cars. The marvel of our street railroad system is not that there are so many accidents, but that there are so few. Forty-nine women out of fifty do not alight from a car properly. The fiftieth woman steps off facing the direction in which the car has been going and insures herself against being thrown should the car start too soon. The forty-nine get off facing backward. One little jerk from the motorman, an instant too soon, and the forty-nine would be sent sprawling

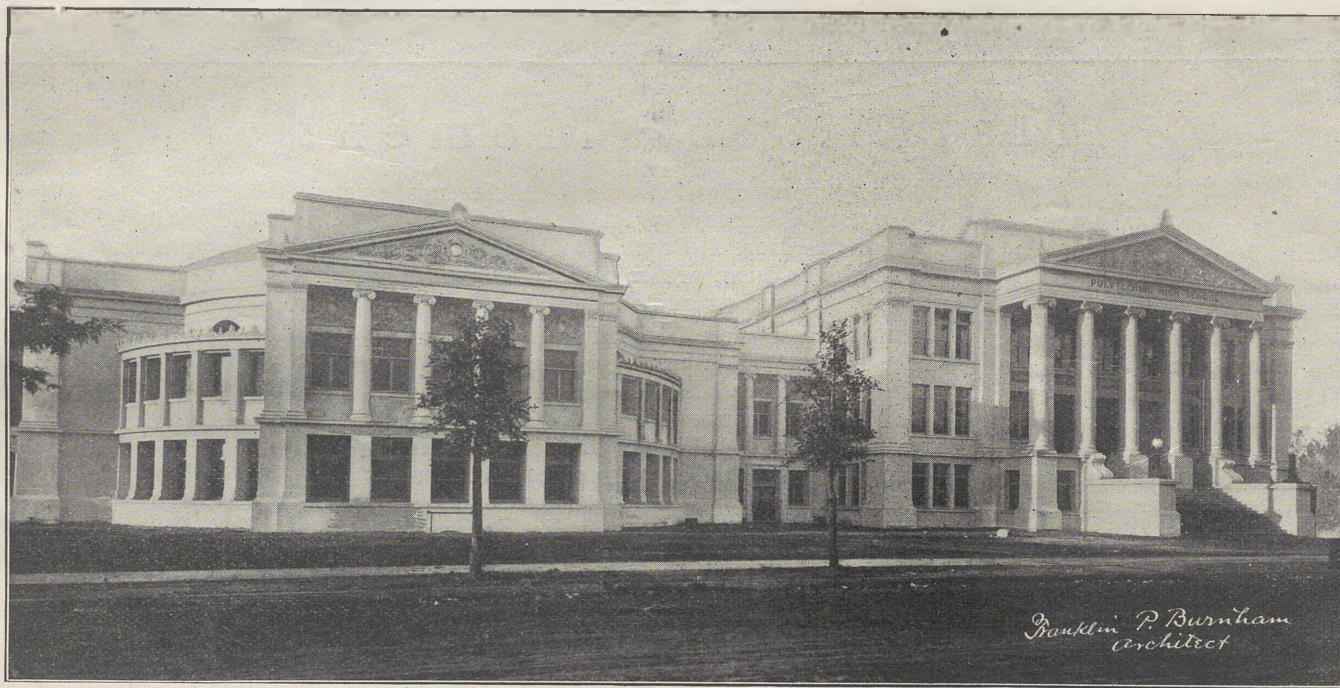
backward, possibly to receive severe or fatal injuries.

This aspect of street railroading is a serious one. It is so serious that it is respectfully suggested to Mr. Huntington that he instruct his conductors to give the forty-nine a few instructions in alighting from the cars. Perhaps a few of the forty-nine would resent this as impertinence, but the others would not, and what is the difference if a few did have their feelings ruffled? Their better sense would eventually get the upperhand, and probably the street railroad companies would have less use for "special agents" and fewer damage suits.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

## The Utile in Education

A DEMONSTRATION BY A. B. C.



Los Angeles Polytechnic High School

### Explanatory.

This article is the first of a series of eight that will run in "Graphic" consecutively from this date. Naturally, the interested reader will skip none of them.

The reason for the publication of this series should be stated here, since it is not an ordinary one. A few weeks ago "Graphic" had a strong editorial on "Fol De Rol In Our Public Schools." This roused the author to reply. "Graphic" printed the reply with comments. The author returned comments, which "Graphic" again printed and referred to the school authorities, challenging the author to the specific proof that he will present in this series.

The status of the controversy to date will be made clear by a brief statement. The editor and the author agree that our public schools do not give full value received to the people who pay the bills, by preparing their children for the duties of actual life. The editor says the failure to do this is due to the presence of "Fol De Rol," that is, music, drawing, cooking etc. The author maintains that the failure is chargeable directly to the University of California as a logical result of a false Culture Idea countenanced by it and of the Promotion System that it fosters, controls and has imposed upon the

grammar and high schools, thereby preventing them from becoming entities and placing them in an unnatural "secondary" position. Further, the author says that the editor's "Fol De Rol" not only does not hurt the schools but is their only salvation, because "such things" alone can overcome the inertia of the present false system, give value received and establish the Era of the Utile in education, the coming of which has been delayed at terrible cost to us and especially to our children. The editor foists the burden of proof upon the author, which he accepts gladly and herein proceeds to offer in evidence what The Utile is doing daily for the young people of Los Angeles.

### Two Important Notes.

It is clear, then, that this series is no advertisement of the Los Angeles Polytechnic High School. It needs none. It is used solely as a type and because it is the best sample available since it comes the nearest of many visited to the business man's idea of what a school should be. The author will indulge in "plain talks" herein both as to persons and things, often speaking in the first person and using direct address, therefore he wishes all question of personalities eliminated from the start. In a fight for the children such things are too small to no-

tice.

Also, we must not forget that, whether this demonstration is a success or not, we are all under obligations to "Graphic" for the generous space accorded in which to make it; and that if it is a success, "Graphic" has the courage to lead in wielding the resistless power of the press in behalf of that which is true and useful in education.

### Environment Effective.

A judge of school atmospheres decides quickly that that of the Los Angeles Polytechnic High School is unusually pure and invigorating. This is due, primarily to the facts that it is well located and well built.

With the school as a center and a radius of, say, twenty blocks, circumscribe a circle. That area is the home of "all sorts and conditions of men." Glance at the building. It is both beautiful and business-like. Enter it. You find that brains have been put into the arrangement and the fixtures and furniture, as we shall note, specifically later.

Here, then, is the ideal of The Utile in Education. Surrounded by hundreds of other ideal homes, it is filled with happy-hearted human creatures, all very busy, as such must ever be. But what of the Head of the House? How about the conduct of the household, its daily life?



### The Manager Typical.

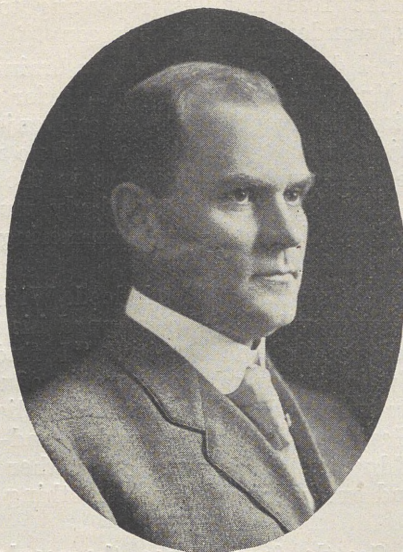
"Principal" is his title of usage, but I prefer to call him Manager. In all business candor, that's what he is—General Manager at that. I'm talking business and am entitled to its terms.

General Manager J. H. Francis is the type of man who must be put in charge of the business of using The Utile to educate children. He is the typical "Head of the House" of this kind, and, as such, he stands out, clear-cut and striking, against a background of hundreds of inept and inapt men whom conformation to conventionalities has certificated into control of our children. Standing so, he must not blink at the searchlight of my analysis.

Mr. Francis is a combination of business man and tender, thoughtful lover of young people. "Impossible," you say? Oh, no. Nor even so rare as you think. There are others. Plant this man in the President's chair of a big concern and he would fit it like a glove. His are the eyes that baffle while they read and control, the somewhat sad and stern cast of countenance, the brief, incisive speech, this manner that eliminates self because of business, the quiet power that calls up the reserves of the man with whom he deals. Yet his, also, as a lover of children, are a quick observation and understanding, a delicate sympathy and courtesy, and a smile that goes straight to the heart of the fortunate recipient.

This man has made good. He is making good. By reason of The Utile he is doing what he does and **by that token only** will men like him be found in the business of education.

Upon this analysis and its resultant, let us score a point. Mr. Francis has stated openly



GENERAL MANAGER, J. H. FRANCIS

before a Teacher's Institute his belief that the University of California should attend to its own business and let the grades alone. This does not mean that he's against the University as such, any more than I am. Either of us would give it tomorrow all the money it could ever use if we were Rockefeller's or Carnegie's, but with the gift would go an order that it concede to the grammar and high schools the same chance to make good without interference that it so confidently assumes for itself. Benjamin Ide Wheeler is all right in his place, but he's mightily out of place in the grades.

#### Self-Government a Verity.

"What of the conduct of the household?" Ah, yes! I'm not likely to forget, nor you, when you have seen.

There's no such thing as conventional "discipline" in the Polytechnic High. They "speak softly and carry a big stick" down there; hence, they "go far." The students run themselves. Dangerous, that? On the contrary, admirable. Most perfect discipline exists simply by reason of its own absence. Law and order are there, but everybody is too busy to notice them. That's true, and it's a beautiful truth.

The Student Body is organized and is under a Board of Control elected from its own membership. These student officers have separate desks in the main office. "Francis runs the Board," you say? And, if he does? Isn't that good business? Force must lie somewhere in government, but it's well to let it lie as still as possible among free, proud, independent young Americans. Mr. Francis as potential energy behind the Board is much more effective than if he were kinetic energy daily, though it's not to be doubted that he could and would be amply kinetic in case of need.

I regard the system of self-government in action in the Polytechnic High as a magnificent illustration of the powers of realities in school life. **It works**, that's all.

#### An Outline of the Series.

Having thus covered the general proposition, I ask your serious consideration of the specific presentations to follow in order. They are: 1. Shop Work; 2. Cooking, etc.; 3. Drawing; 4. Training of the Body; 5. Commercial Work; 6. Music; 7. Other Departments.

If these are not enough, we may add another for your special benefit. It may develop that you have something to say. You shall have your chance. In the cause of the children, I care and dare all. How about you?

## The Hobbies They Ride

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PARLEZ-VOUS — NORMAN H. NESBITT

Voilà le Professeur!  
Regardez Monsieur Nesbitt!

For four weeks, morning, afternoon and night, a gallant six hundred men and women have done little else. The Professor—only he detests this title, which, he says, in America is bestowed impartially upon bootblacks, cabbies, orchestra leaders and palmists, and seldom worn where it belongs—has meant that they should.

"Regardez moi!" commanded Monsieur Nesbitt—and perhaps "Monsieur" is hardly right, either, since he is French only on his mother's side—as he swung his baton over the heads of a class composed of the great, the near-great, the small and the in-betweens of Los Angeles, on the first day.

In those two words Mr. Nesbitt—getting down to the plain Scotch of him—divulged, to those who had ears to hear, the basis of the psychology of the Parlez-vous. For, bless you, every caper that he cuts before his class is cut by the rule of a very exact science for a very definite purpose.

"Regardez moi!" In other words:

"Forget yourself. Forget your neighbors. Don't try to think why you are saying or doing what you say and do. The idea I wish to convey will work into your mind in time, and you will say the French for it without voluntary effort."

When the versatile, fantastic, inimitable Nesbitt steps down from the platform, it is

the presto-change of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The French of him is gone as completely as if it were a mask he had tossed aside. On the lower step he is the antipodes of the man of a moment before—serious, dignified, reserved and quite warm from the hour of exhausting effort. The suddenness of the transition no doubt accentuates the difference, for a few moments of conversation prove that he really won't bite. But the revelation of the phase of this dual personality which is so utterly submerged by the antics of Le Professeur puts one in a quandary as to which is the real Nesbitt. And the question was left to him.

"I'm really serious, so my friends say," declared a rather rigid Mr. Nesbitt. "People are always disappointed to learn that I have no parlor tricks at all, that I am not a clown and entertainer, but that my real delight is the study of psychology and ethics. I have always taken myself seriously—so seriously at one time that I entered the Unitarian ministry. But after two years of preaching I decided it was not fair either to my family or myself to try to live on a minister's salary—only celibates should be in the ministry for that reason. I had a good offer to go on the stage, but I thought of my two boys, and decided life was too short to be separated from them. I know I have a talent for teaching, having taught more or less since I was seventeen, and people always in-

terest me, so when I left the ministry I began teaching French.

"It was my study of psychology that

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enabled me to see that the old methods of teaching French did not bring about the best results. They are adapted to the child mind, which is an unexpected negative, with out impressions, or associations of ideas. The adult has a capital of these things to begin with, and new ideas must assume a relative place. I taught by the old method for several years before the idea of my own method came to me intuitively. Then I worked it out along the line of voluntary and involuntary—according to the old psychology—or subjective and objective, conscious and unconscious mental activity.

"It's the proposition of the illiterate Irish girl who astonished the priest for whom she worked by reeling off, in a delirium induced by fever, long passages of Latin and Hebrew. The girl had often been at work in a room where the priest was studying aloud, and while her conscious thought was engaged with her tasks, unconsciously her mind grasped and retained the words that could not possibly mean anything to her.

"Again, you go to the theater. You are entertained by what you see. Your voluntary thought is diverted by the setting and the action of the play, and by involuntary act of memory you secure an ineradicable impression of the plot. You never forget parts of *La Tosca*, or *Hedda Gabler* or *Hamlet*. On the other hand, you go to church and listen to a sermon. You may bend all your conscious effort to give attention to what the preacher says, but somehow it seems to go in one ear and out of the other.

"So I applied this psychological principle to my teaching. I use whatever of personality I may have, and whatever of histrionic ability I can master, to engage their conscious attention, and under cover of their interest and entertainment in what I am saying or doing, I convey to them unconsciously the word or phrase that belongs to the idea or action. Do you see?"

This, then, is the simple solution of the "Regardez moi!" This is why, when a head turns ever so slightly to right or left during class, Monsieur le Professeur singles out the offender with leveled baton, and an accusing "Oh! Oh! *Con-élastique!*" which brings the "rubber-neck" to attention. Nor will he proceed with the lesson until every eye is upon him.

"But how about those who take all your little quips literally, who mistake the absurdity, "*Est-is-is-is-it*", for a word and spend

Until Oct. 15th, there will remain on exhibition in the Steckel gallery, examples of paintings by the following well-known artists: Lungren, Pages, Grant, Donovan, Duval, Redmond. Visitors from 10 to 5.



NEW STUDIO

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the next five minutes repeating to them selves, wondering what it means?"

"Oh, I don't agree to supply brains," replied Mr. Nesbitt. "I don't look for understanding on every chair. I can enjoy my little joke with two or three, and no matter where the responsive ones are in the room, I can find them. But everybody must get something. I won't stop hammering until they do.

"All classes alike? No, indeed. With some it is that way"—and he snapped his finger to indicate the spontaneity. "I find that usually in towns where there is education and culture, and such classes are delightful. But Seattle, Lincoln, Nebraska, and—well, I wouldn't quite like to name the other places—stand out in my mind as something horrible.

"In Seattle, for instance, the people have not had their money very long. They are not sure of themselves. They are not sure whether it's really the thing to do. They can not forget themselves for a moment, and they must forget themselves before the sub-consciousness has a chance. Do you see?"

"The fashionable and rich? I never know. I don't want to know who my pupils are. I, too, must lose myself. And if I knew that this man was a judge and that one a millionaire, and the woman beyond a great personage in the community, I might by word or act make some difference one way or the other, and that would be bad. Do you see?"

"Of course, I learn afterwards that such and such persons have been in my classes, but I don't want to know them as individuals during the course.

"Another interesting psychological phase is the democracy engendered by this method. Yonder sits a society woman who would not ordinarily know that the little school teacher beside her was in the room. But in the interest of learning "*Comment allez-vous?*" she will laughingly shake her by the hand.

"And it is good for her to forget the difference in their stations for an hour, just as it is good for the neurotic to forget her nerves, and the dyspeptic to forget his stomach. And they do forget—they must forget. Do you see?"

"No, the method is not particularly adapted to women. I think men are even more interested than women. And I like to have the men come. The more men there are, the more I enjoy the class."

(Oh! Oh! Quelle courage, Monsieur—when two-thirds of your patrons are women!)

"I really don't like women—that is, the sex. I detest a flirtation. A really interesting woman, one that has personality, I enjoy as I would a man, but, you know, there are not many interesting women in the world—their environment is against them."

This is rather a cruel blow for the doting women who burn their little incense before Monsieur le Professeur in the form of innumerable copies of "Are you a bromide?" of an eager spatter of hands at each unexpected quip and turn, and delighted ohs and ahs at the ever-recurring pictures of "moi" in the illustrated evening talks.

Monsieur le Professeur vindicated himself in no uncertain terms of the charge of yielding to this sort of flattery, and—well, the grimace he made suggested nausea.

His protestations are borne out by his mimicry of women in his anecdotes and sketches. He is merciless in his caricatures,

which, while vastly amusing even to women, are the conceits of a cynic rather than an idealist. There is significance, too, in the fact that he invariably reaches his class room just in time to lay aside his hat and walk to the platform; and afterward he shows no eagerness in coming down to meet those that always linger with the pretense of a question about the lesson, and the real purpose of securing his attention, if but for a moment.

No doubt Monsieur le Professeur means every word he says, or thinks he does. But would the disdainful cock in the barnyard strut so finely or crow so bravely if it were not for the flattering flutter and clucking of his admiring harem? *Comprenez-vous?*

It might seem that the antics and jests of the whimsical Nesbitt were something of a sacrifice to the serious Nesbitt, but—

"No," says the serious Nesbitt. My personal code of ethics demands that I shall at all times do my best. Teaching is the best thing I can do, and this is the best way I can teach. Do you see? No matter how foolish or trivial it may seem, every act and word has its reason. If I stop suddenly in the midst of an anecdote and say "*Touchez le dos*" (touch your back), it is because I see the effort to understand is becoming a conscious one, and relaxation is essential.

"Besides, I enjoy my work thoroughly—for three hours a day. After that, if any one mentions it to me, I would like to throw bricks at him. It is a great physical strain, but I know how to rest—by absolutely forgetting my classes between times—do you see?"

"But for the class the opposite is necessary. They must think and talk of nothing else. Not until I condensed my course into five weeks did I secure the same results. When the same number of lessons were spread over three months, two or three lessons a week, there was too much time for forgetting. Call it a fad if you like—some take it up as such—but by the end of five weeks at least fifty per cent. have become so interested that they continue to study French. Meanwhile they dream in French. They say "*S'il vous plait*" quite unconsciously to astonished street-car conductors, and each member of the family at home is a target for practice. Do you see?"

Yes. But the thing that is hard to see is how Monsieur le Professeur has escaped for ten years the families of his pupils. They are the real victims. The present class in Los Angeles is working into the twenty-second thousand of those who have been operated upon in accordance with the Nesbitt psychology of the *Parlez-vous*. Think of the hundred thousand that have suffered!

He promised when he began to teach them to speak French in five weeks—very badly, no doubt, he said quite frankly—but to speak it. He has kept part of the promise, and the class is keeping the rest of it for him.

And with his hand on his heart he shamelessly accepts the responsibility for this wholesale slaughter of an innocent language.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.



## From the Inside

SAN FRANCISCO, October 28.

Next Tuesday San Francisco will decide her political fate for another two years. It is not, however, only the future of her municipal government which is involved but her financial, commercial and industrial prosperity. The sorrowful conviction is expressed on all sides by business men that in the event of the reins of city government being handed over once more to a Labor Union chieftain, especially of the stripe of P. H. McCarthy, every line of industry will be driven to depression.

The "Examiner's" championship of Ryan has undoubtedly caused a "slide" in favor of the young Republican who is making a clean, strenuous fight against overwhelming odds. But the accession to Ryan's ranks means desertion from Dr. Taylor's forces, and the Ryan "slide" accordingly is considered by the best political judges as very dangerous assistance to McCarthy.

It is not probable that more than 58,000 votes out of the 77,000 registered will be polled. The Socialist vote is estimated to be in the neighborhood of 5000, which will leave 53,000 to be accounted for. Giving Ryan a maximum of 15,000, there remains 38,000 to be divided between Dr. Taylor and McCarthy. In the Taylor camp the utmost confidence is expressed, and there are enthusiasts who claim he will poll 30,000 votes. Such, however, seems manifestly impossible. The McCarthy cohorts are not doing much claiming, but their "figurers" declare McCarthy is certain of 23,000 votes, which will be more than enough to elect him.

Personally I confine my review of the situation to my conviction that there is grave danger of McCarthy being elected.

### Forced Testimony.

Disappointment overwhelmed Heney early in the second Ford trial. In this second attempt "to get Ford" the prosecution substituted Jennings J. Phillips, who next to Gallagher, is the most respectable in appearance of the late boodling Board of Supervisors, for the infirm Lonergan as the recipient of the alleged bribe on which the present indictment is founded. Even with the fearsome example before him of his former colleagues "Andy" Wilson and "Mike" Coffey, who were promptly visited with indictments when their testimony in the first Ford trial failed to satisfy Heney's expectations, Phillips at his first appearance on the witness stand could not give the answers that Heney wanted.

On the morrow a regenerate Phillips appeared on the stand. His memory had been marvelously "refreshed." His answers to Heney came spick and span. Then Earl Rogers put him on the rack. Step by step he made the unfortunate Phillips recount his actions since the adjournment of court. It was shown that the witness had met "Big Jim" Gallagher outside the court room, and that Gallagher had supplied him with a transcript of Phillips's testimony in the first Ford trial; that they had spent some hours together, and that later in the evening Phillips had visited Heney's office. Phillips baldly admitted that he had conned the copy

of his previous testimony "to brush up on it" "so there would be no discrepancies in my testimony." He had been so perturbed by Heney's indignant reception of his testimony on the previous afternoon, and was so scared by his warning that his immunity contract might be withdrawn and he might be forced to follow in the steps of Wilson and Coffey, that he rushed to Heney to sue for peace and make sure of acceding to his wishes—to correct the testimony given the day before which had so angered his immunity patrons.

Phillips confessed sorrowfully that he knew that unless his testimony satisfied the prosecution indictments were in store for him.

"Why did you not remember all these things yesterday?" asked Rogers in cross-examination.

"Well, I have racked my brain and refreshed it since," replied Phillips.

"After your visit to Heney's office and the talk with Gallagher you at last remembered, did you?"

"Yes," answered Phillips meekly.

Phillips wilted under the four hours' grilling at Rogers's hands, and by the time he left the stand his testimony had been torn in shreds before the jury's eyes.

### Gallagher's Adjustable Memory.

"Big Jim" Gallagher, the brains and leader of the band of boodlers, proved a very different customer. For the most part Gallagher had his testimony at his finger ends and gave it with bland complacency. Nevertheless, despite his legal training and the careful priming of a "jogged up memory," he was badly confused on a number of points in cross-examination. When questioned regarding the payment of the first portion of the alleged bribe money to Lonergan, which Gallagher had related in minute detail at the last trial when that evidence was the essential required, he was now unable to recall any of the circumstances. On the other hand, on this occasion his recollection in regard to his transactions with Phillips was much surer than that regarding any other supervisor.

Again, despite the strenuous objections of Heney to Rogers's question, "You think this trolley matter could have passed anyway if there had not been a dollar in it?" Gallagher answered, "I rather think it would."

The most important fact for the defense in Gallagher's testimony elicited by Rogers was that in his evidence before the Grand Jury and at the previous Ford trial the witness had not then recalled talking to Phillips about the bribe money. Rogers made it plain that Gallagher had not remembered that until it became necessary to recall the particular conversation with Phillips for the purposes of the present case.

### Well-Rehearsed Entertainment.

The examination of the rest of the "good dogs" proved far from satisfactory for the prosecution. The reformed boodlers, despite their rehearsals and their desperate efforts to avoid the indictments which hovered around their heads unless their testimony satisfied Mr. Heney, frequently contradicted

the evidence they had given in the former trial. Their recollection concerning the two essential points of the prosecution's case—the dates Gallagher paid them their "bits," and the denomination of the currency—frequently did not tally. In describing these proceedings the "Call" naïvely remarked: "The trial once more assumed the aspect of a well-rehearsed entertainment. Heney was the interlocutor, and the performance proper consisted of the monotonous recitals of half a dozen supervisors in the set form that had been used several times. Which is extraordinary candor for one of the prosecution's principal organs."

### "Exposure."

"Calhoun, Bribe-Giver, Opens Sack To Defeat Langdon" was the seven-column heading flared across the front page of the "Call" for campaign purposes one day last week. Unless familiar with the unfairness of the prosecution's organs, one would have imagined that some sort of evidence would be considered necessary, even by the most reckless editor, to support so startling a charge. A search of the "Call's" columns, however, disclosed the fact that its broadside was based on the bare claim of Langdon himself when the previous night he declared in a political speech, "I am informed tonight the United Railroads campaign sack has been opened on Fillmore Street." That was all. Not a jot or tittle of evidence save Langdon's frenzied cry. No detail, no specification. If Langdon knew such a sack had been opened he must also know its location on Fillmore Street and who was opening it. But not a word save this reckless charge. Some days previously it had been announced by the prosecution organs, with a fanfare of trumpets, that Sleuth Burns would temporarily divert his energies from hounding and sweating jurors and witnesses, and manufacturing weird tales of abduction, to discover the whereabouts of the supposititious Calhoun sack. But Burn's energies

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SAN FRANCISCO



were confined to the boast. The failure of Burns or any one else to discover a non-existent sack did not prevent Langdon from making his charge, or the "Call" from screeching it as an established fact. The "Call," indeed, embellished Langdon's empty calumny with artistic headlines—"Magnate Uses Money To Beat His Prosecutor"—"District Attorney Langdon Exposes Calhoun's Work To Corrupt Voters." A wonderful exposure, forsooth!—Langdon's bare invention.

#### Langdon's Cry.

Langdon's campaign continues to be disgraced by condemnation and premature conviction of Calhoun, unheard and untried. "If you permit us to continue we shall not rest until we have sent to the penitentiary Calhoun and all his crowd." is the favorite promise of Langdon's platform. Every night he tries to catch votes by drawing pictures of Calhoun breaking rocks at San Quentin. And this from the mouth of a

District Attorney seeking re-election. Is it necessary to point out that the District Attorney's office by every law of justice is held to be an impartial office, jealous of the rights and liberty of every citizen until proved guilty?

Langdon has thoroughly absorbed the results of turning a public office into a private agency. He has not surrendered his office to the control of Rudolph Spreckels without digesting the fact that vengeance upon Calhoun has become the motive power of the law's machinery. "To convict Calhoun," "to get Ford"—these are the slogans of the Spreckelsized District Attorney's office.

"Where," asks the "Argonaut," "is the distinction in principle between the concessions made by the boodling Mayor, and boodling Board of Supervisors, and boodling Board of Public Works, and a boodling police, to Abraham Ruef, and the concession made by the Prosecuting Attorney to Mr. Rudolph Spreckels? The incidents are different but the principle is the same, and

because Mr. Langdon has made this concession; because he has turned over the powers of his office to be exercised by one whose only claim to authority rests upon his wealth, we declare him to be no fit man for any public trust. No responsibility, no movement on moral stability, upon a sound sense of integrity and honor, is, in the judgment of the "Argonaut," safe in the hands of William H. Langdon." "Two years ago," says "Town Talk," "Schmitz and Ruef were more eager for Langdon's nomination than for that of any other man, and they mustered all their strength for the defeat of Mr. Brandenstein, who they knew would prosecute them for their crimes. In that campaign everybody, including Langdon, knew of the French restaurant deal, and yet Langdon was out urging the election of Schmitz. When did Langdon decide to prosecute the grafters? When Mr. Spreckels brought his sugar barrel to bear."

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.



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## By the Way

### Pacific Electric Changes.

In spite of "official denials" I am informed that a change in the management of the P. E. lines may be expected in a reasonable time. The house cleaning is to relegate to a subordinate position the manager of properties that are losing popularity daily with the sane portion of the public. When the change comes there is certain to be a feeling of thankfulness with this same public.

### Want Their Money.

I hear that the German investors in a Mexican promotion company, for whose twelve-cent-an-acre land they paid \$12.50 an acre, have a representative in Los Angeles who is trying hard to find out just how immense the bilk really was. The corporation in question has been backed by the millionaire owner of an alleged Los Angeles evening paper, and by the manager of a big morning paper in this city. In neither of the journals in question will the facts appear, although each prides itself upon its probity. Just the same, unless the plot fails to thicken, a suit that is threatened is certain to bring out the story, with more or less prominence.

### Greene.

In the Los Angeles "Examiner" of Tuesday last I find an alleged special dispatch dated El Paso, in which it is given out that Colonel W. C. Greene has ordered the Greene copper mines at Cananea to close for an indefinite time. That story, for which there is no real foundation, published at a time when the "Examiner" insists that sensation mongers who undermine the credit of the country must be suppressed, should not have been permitted to see the light of day. And as Colonel Greene has about as much to say in regard to Greene Company Cananea affairs as the editor of the "Examiner," whoever he may be, and that fact could have been easily verified in a hundred places in Los Angeles, there is all the more reason why the half-baked romance should have been throttled by the paper's telegraph desk.

### Words of Wisdom.

It would be well for the people of Los

## Stronger Than Ever

October 29, 1907

### RESOURCES.

Cash on hand and in banks.....	\$ 1,376,199.35
United States and other bonds.....	1,348,380.60
Loans.....	7,324,445.15
Safe Deposit Vaults, Furniture and Fixtures.....	55,566.03
Bank Premises.....	78,000.00
Real Estate.....	35,939.07
	<b>\$10,218,530.20</b>

### LIABILITIES.

Deposits.....	\$ 9,238,777.75
Capital stock paid in.....	600,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits.....	379,752.45
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Angeles to ponder over the words of wisdom uttered by City Assessor Walter Mallard a few evenings ago in the presence of a party of banqueters at the Westminster Hotel—to the effect that if recklessness in the expenditure of municipal moneys is not checked another additional seventy millions will have to be added to the assessment roll of the coming year. The admonition comes from one who can see in advance, and should be taken seriously by even the high-salaried office-holders themselves, as well as by all tax-payers. A city that will purchase thirty odd thousand dollars' worth of voting machines and throw them into a corner because worthless, and that only last week bought a lot of rat-traps that would not catch rats, and that has twice the number of employees in its public library as Boston, and as many employees in its surveyor's office as the city of New York, had best begin to "look a leedle oud," or it will tax itself out of existence. Mr. Mallard's seasonable words should be taken profoundly.

### School Board Flouted.

The school board has been flouted and by the High School fraternities. The understanding was—when this fraternity nuisance was last considered—that no more pupils were to be initiated. Had the boys kept to this policy, the "brat frats" would have died a natural death. But the lads have decided to ignore the board and try the courts.

### Discipline.

This brings matters to a focus. Now is just as good a time as any to ascertain whether the school board or the high school pupils are paramount in matters of discipline. If the boys settle all such questions and disregard the board, the board may as well prepare to go out of business.

### Snobby.

A year or so ago the father of one of the high school fraternity boys said to me: "I did not want—to join, to tell you the truth, but if he had not he would have been nobody in the school. I am against the fraternities, but I do not want my boy to be looked down on by the others."

There, believe me, is the nub of the fraternity nuisance. It is sorrowfully admitted that men and women "draw the line" on each other in this snobbish world. People who have been here ten to forty years sometimes pride themselves on belonging to an "old family"—how funny!—and draw about themselves a circle of exclusiveness. Others, with no breeding, no education, and nothing but money, act as if they were in His Infinite wisdom had made a special brand of clay, too sacred to be touched by the "have nots." These things are bad enough for men and women, but what of the children? Are we to poison the minds of the young with these unwarrantable, petty, conventional notions of caste? Are we to spoil the potential of youth by permitting one "set" to snub the existence of others?

### Abolish Them.

The question of the Board of Education, to the duty of that body is to

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abolish the "fraternities" forthwith. This is no time for temporizing—for agreeing to this, that and the other. Prompt and drastic action will put the burden of action on the other side; and there are effective and rapid methods of dealing with violators of school regulations.

### George Rose Here Again.

George Rose, bookmaker and principal owner of the new Santa Anita racing plant, arrived in the city Monday, and is registered at the Alexandria. After inspecting the work in progress at the new track he stated that the contractor, Allen, had assured him that all would be in readiness for the initial opening on Thanksgiving next. Mr. Rose was in a happy frame of mind over the outlook for the winter racing season, as he says many of the most prominent horses which raced in the East are expected here, and in all the class of horses will average far ahead of any meeting ever held in the Southwest before. Entries for the big stake events for the program of the Los Angeles Racing Association were issued Tuesday, and indications are that the baby races will be a prominent feature of the winter meeting, and some crack racers are expected to be developed.

### Clean Racing.

That a high standard of racing can be expected at Santa Anita Park is vouched for by Mr. Rose, as he says the utmost vigilance is to be maintained in ferreting out "jobs," and those violating the rigid rules already mapped out will be summarily dealt with. The fact of Judge Hamilton again presiding is assurance to the race-going public that they will get a "run for their money," as he is thoroughly in touch with conditions existing here in the past and profits by such experience, knowing about from what source to expect attempted "coups." Dr. Gardner of Kansas City, known to race goers all over the United States, has been appointed general manager, and 'Gene Elrod will officiate in charge of the betting ring. Mr. Elrod hails from Cincinnati, and is a popular official. It is the aim of the management to cater to the better element, and keep all undesirables away from the Jockey Club grounds. This alone, if strictly adhered to, will tend more to elevate the racing game than anything else, as crooked characters, whose identity has been established through attempted "jobs" in the East, should be denied entrance to Jockey Club grounds on their first appearance. Santa Anita Park without doubt will be the most complete and picturesque racing plant in America, and it is hoped that scandals will be avoided.

Those wishing to take lessons in bridge apply to A. B. C. at this office.

### U. D. C.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy held their annual charity ball at Kramer's Hall Thursday evening, with the usual gay crowd of dancers, young and old. The patronesses were:

Mesdames. Albert M. Stephens, Wesley Clark, Susan Wilshire, Olin Welborn, West Hughes, E. T. Earl, Burton Green, Wm. Woolwine, Mary Koyer, Wm. Hinsaker, Wm. T. Johnston, Hancock Johnston, Cameron Erskine Thom, Hancock Banning, Willoughby Rodman, C. M. Shannon, C. Q. Stanton, Andrew Glassell, D. W. Cunningham.

### De Longpre

Paul de Longpre, "King of Flowers" will go to New York. Disgusted and completely discouraged, this world-famed painter will pick up his easel, sell his beautiful residence in Hollywood—one of the show places of Southern California—and literally shake the dust of California from his feet. "Talk is all very well," says this artist, "but one cannot live on it. Everyday I spend hours of my time, which to me is money, showing millionaires about my place, exhibiting my pictures and giving them gratuitous lessons in the doings in the world of art. In return what have they ever done for me? In seven years I have sold less than one thousand dollars worth of pictures. I will return again to New York, where art is appreciated and understood. "But," with a sweet, sad smile, "I do hate to leave ze flowers an' ze sunshine behind me." So, in spite of our boasted millions and our luxury-loving residents of modern palaces we can't afford to keep one great artist in our midst. Can't pay him enough to make it even worth while—Alack-and-a-day for the nouveaux riche.

### Seeley-Macomber.

One of the very charming events of the season was the wedding of Miss Pearl Seeley, daughter of Mrs. Drake of 2625 Hoover Street, to Mr. Kingsley Macomber, which took place Friday evening. Mrs. Macomber was radiantly beautiful, and the handsome young bridegroom properly proud and happy. The bride was the recipient of many handsome wedding gifts, among which was an exquisite white bear-skin, the gift of the groom's relatives in Pasadena.



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### Municipal Band.

My friend Paul de Longpre is enthusiastically urging his proposition to establish a municipal band. With others he is out attempting to raise a guarantee of \$700 a week, and is meeting with much encouragement. Mr. de Longpre's idea has brought fine publicity to Los Angeles. For instance, the Galveston "Daily News" of October 1, prints the following editorial: "Paul de Longpre, 'the king of flower painters,' is now engaged in the commendable undertaking of organizing and securing for his city, Los Angeles, Cal., a first-class municipal band. All the large and even many of the small cities of Europe have their municipal bands. Many of the cities in our neighbor republic, Mexico, are supplied with municipal bands, and if Paul de Longpre is successful in his efforts to arouse a lively interest in the field of music that will culminate in all the large towns and cities in our country securing municipal bands, he will have accomplished a work that will enshrine his name and memory in the hearts of the American people. He claims that every large city in Europe and America should provide for afternoon and evening concerts in

its parks and places of public resorts, where the citizens can go and be entertained with delightful music while mingling together in social intercourse. Music, as we all know, has a soothing and refining effect upon the mind, besides bringing rest to over-worked brains, and arousing in our natures the highest and noblest of human thoughts and sentiments."

Mr. W. J. Lampton of the American Press Association, writes to Paul de Longpre from New York about the municipal band idea: "If you can interest the rich and start the band the rest will be easy. In Cincinnati one man, Mr. Springer, started the ball by subscribing so much to begin with, and all others followed, and now Cincinnati stands one of the great musical centers of America. In Los Angeles the same course must be pursued. You have the natural advantages, the musical atmosphere, the chromatic climate, so to say, and you've got the people with money who want to make the Los Angeles country as lovely in Art as it is in Nature."

### Clark Copper.

Los Angeles newspaperdom finally has awakened to one of the biggest stories of the day, a story that has been kicking about in local financial circles for months. I refer to the scandalous revelations that are due to be forced into more public gaze when the stockholders of the Clark Copper Company meet in annual election next week. The exact time is November 4, and thanks to the publicity given to the facts first by the "Graphic," and later by the "Evening News," the meeting is certain to be largely attended.

### Ross Clark.

My first theory after I heard a few of the minor facts, was that while certain others in control of the company may have proved themselves knaves, the president of the corporation, who is a vice-president of his brother's trans-continental railroad, had been guilty only of a neglect of duty in the loose manner he had managed the trust funds of a large number of personal friends and dependents, who had handed over to him from a few hundred to several thousand dollars. Say what you will, make as much of a showing for Mr. J. Ross Clark as you like, the fact still stands out in strikingly bold relief, that but for the fact of his presidency of the Clark Copper Company, his own private secretary, a superintendent of his own railway line, and several clerks in his office, and scores of others, never would have thought of taking from the family stocking at home, pretty nearly all they possessed, for the express purpose of throwing the money into Mr. Clark's elongated lap. And while it may be true that the brother of the multi-millionaire owner of the United Verde Copper mines, was too busily engaged in other things—to him more important—for him to give to Clark Copper proper attention, common decency if not ordinary intelligence, should have brought about that slight care in the guardianship of the company that certainly would have brought back to the widows and orphans and others who have lost their money, a saving of at least part of their all.

### Dereliction.

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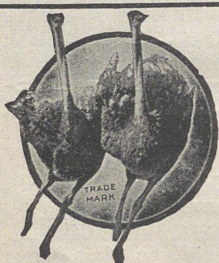
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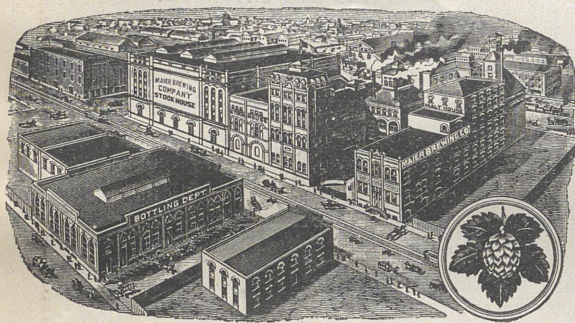
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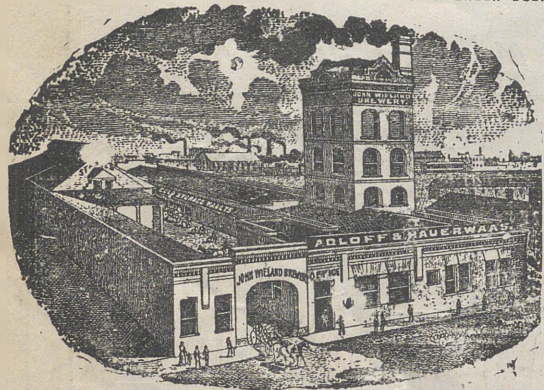
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observer is apt to regard the reward before finding the motive from his point of view, and in the instance under discussion, most of us will continue to acquit J. Ross Clark of more than criminal thoughtlessness. For is not the second vice-president of the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad altogether too well blessed with this world's goods for him to use a dark lantern in securing, by false pretenses, the goods of his neighbors? Yes sir-ree! In spite of reports and mutterings one may hear about town, J. Ross Clark did not obtain any personal, or rather, say, pecuniary advantages in the manipulation of the promotion stock of the copper stock that bears Mr. Clark's name. Mr. Clark, being a Christian gentleman, would scorn to obtain money or any other property by any such means. It was others who apparently rifled the collection contributions in this particular. Mr. Clark can only be censured because, while guaranteeing to safeguard the funds that were subscribed for making at least four dollars grow where less than none had grown before, he was engaged harvesting other crops, and while so engaged, some one else, apparently, looted the orchard; bad boys with Little Lord Fauntleroy curls, who Mr. Clark thought knew nothing of the world's wicked ways. These youngsters appear to have picked the plum tree from the grass roots up. Then when Mr. Clark was advised of what had happened, he is said to have insisted that it could not be true, so horrified was he at first.

### Worst Known.

Taking it all in all, the mismanagement or worse in Clark Copper is the worst thing known in the financial history of Los Angeles.

### A Side Line.

Now let me relate a side line chapter in the story. Out of the Clark Copper fiasco there stands another Clark personality, one "Patsy" of the Clark clan, hailing from Spokane, in Washington. I am informed he is a weatherbeaten old man of the desert sea, who has made for friends, much of the money that all of us appear to need in the daily drill of ordinary life. "Patsy" Clark is said to be of the grizzly kind, that will not allow a friend to be worsted at any time, or in any place—a chap who will divide his last strip of bacon and his final flap jack. In the fizzle that has proved Death Valley not to be a copper camp, another property, adjoining the Clark ground floor proposition, was being developed by the Spokane Clark. It also has petered out, and recently up Spokane-way, the stockholders of that enterprise held their annual meeting. There had been criticism that "Patsy" of the family of Clark had been haying at the expense of his following, while they were being milked, or "shook out"—I think that is the gambler's lingo. And to prove the story a foul blot on the Clarks in general, "Patsy" of Spokane, remarked, looking around to see that his words were published by every daily and weekly journal in the Palouse wheat belt, "that yarn is a lie, and to prove it, I hereby donate from my personal holdings, enough stock that, when sold, will supply the funds for carrying our development further." At that, that there was great and boisterous applause of course, and the cheering could be heard in the general offices of the Clark road in Los An-

geles. It was remarked with pride, that no one but a Clark would have come to the rescue of friends so nobly.

### Not for J. Ross.

When it was learned down this way what "Patsy" Clark had done, the story was carried to J. Ross Clark. Immediately the financial district in Los Angeles took on an excitement the like of which has not been known here since Prof. Lowe floated his first company to manufacture gas from the winter drippings of his own beard. No one asked would J. Ross Clark come to the front as nobly as had Mr. "Patsy" of the Palouse wheat belt, and everywhere pools were being sold on the subject. It has been nearly two weeks since the Palouse Clark sacrificed himself on the altar of duty, but nary a squeak from his Los Angeles namesake.

### A Great Chance.

It has been hinted that J. Ross Clark, if he disposed of all of his Clark Copper after it had been professionally manipulated to a dollar a share, is certain to buy it back. That would not be bad business, the promotion stock having cost nothing and having been below five cents a share recently. Just think of it, now it only would require a twentieth of the funds secured as donation to turn a trick in comeback frenzied finance that, if accomplished, will force E. H. Harri-man and Thomas Fortune Ryan to sit up and take notice. As for Senator W. A. Clark, when the news is "carried to Garcia," he will purchase an extra apple for his mid-day lunch, and after paring the fruit properly, Brother J. Ross is certain to have sent to him the core as a token of appreciation of the fact that all the genius in the Clark

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family does not abide with the Clark, who once expended sufficient funds in the election of a United States Senator to give to each man, woman and child in the State of Montana, the sum of \$20.

#### Why Not?

Seriously, I can not for the life of me see why J. Ross Clark, with his wealth, does not call together the stockholders of Clark Copper, and after they are assembled, he does not throw into the center of the nearest table his check for a hundred thousand dollars, more or less, the total to go towards liquidating the Copper Company that bears his name. That would be the manly thing to do, Mr. Clark, and it will earn you the gratitude of the victims, who have been bitten, only and solely because of your negligence in their behalf—a trust they had a right to assume you would not administer as has been done. That will make of you a man among men, Mr. J. Ross Clark, and while the price may be a bit stiff, from your view point, as a sincere well wisher I advise you to take the medicine. You will find from the first gulp that the dose, instead of being bitter, will prove actually sweet. Incidentally, the financial atmosphere in Los Angeles will be somewhat clarified.

#### Emulate Randolph.

Take a leaf from the book of Epes Randolph, Mr. Clark. There you will find a chap with not a third of your financial resources, who when he found his friends were "in" wrong, mortgaged his soul to pull them out of the slough of despond. And he insists that so long as there is red blood in his body, he will not rest until all who trusted in his judgment shall be reimbursed. And with that Epes Randolph is not accused of having profited a dollar in the fiasco incidental to Llanos de Oro. The experience on the contrary, has cost Colonel Randolph, personally, about \$150,000 with the end not yet. What would happen to you, Mr. J. Ross Clark, if you made good to friends and dependents \$150,000? I heard that question asked one day the past week, and the reply was, that with a wiping out of the three last ciphers, if you made good the balance represented, you would probably drop dead.

#### A Skunk not a Wild Cat.

Two Los Angeles stock exchange brokers were discussing the Clark Copper fiasco, which one of them termed a wild cat. "No such thing," remarked the other. "No wild cat about that deal. A wild cat mine promotion is respectable alongside of that bit of coarse work. If I were asked to place the name where it belongs, I would refer to the company as a skunk."

#### An Amusing Game.

It is rather an amusing game being being played by the "Times" on the one hand, with its "Roosevelt-Taft" Clubs, and the "Express" on the other, with its "Lincoln-Roosevelt" movement, which petered out nearly before it was fairly launched. Of course the "Times" has by long odds the best of the club-chasing argument down this way, and barring a movement in the wrong direction, that will be the story probably to the end of the chapter. The trouble with the "Express" is that those conducting the paper take themselves entirely too seriously, an observation that applies to all

hands from E. Tobias Earl down to the humblest reporter on the sheet. I draw the line at the business office of the paper, where there is real genius in spite of the remarkably asinine rebate editorial policy.

#### "Express" Responsible.

I have no hesitancy in saying that for whatever loss of financial confidence there may exist from time to time in Los Angeles, the Los Angeles "Express" must be held responsible largely. I write in no spirit of petty dislike for E. Tobias Earl, but rather to call attention to the fact that in times like these, all of us should go slow in the matter of muck-raking. And while callow youths and conscience smitten fakers may find it real fun to howl against corporations, the sport is certain in any community, to result in a loss of confidence in the end. None of us expect anything different from the Los Angeles "Examiner" which influences only such as have nothing to lose. But with a portion of the "Express's" readers it is different. That the paper has an influence there is no doubt, and discussing a serious subject seriously I shall try to be fair here. Some eight thousand persons in the community are convinced that E. Tobias Earl is a real saint; that he never took a penny that was not acquired by honest toil; that he did not dispose of his fruit car monopoly to bigger but not harsher monopolists than himself, the Armours of Chicago, for about a million dollars; and that but for the statute of limitations, the source of his immense wealth long ago would have been inquired by the United States Attorney for the southern district of California. A few among the "Express's" congregation of readers realize these facts: As there is more than one way of skinning a cat, so a newspaper is useful for other than direct money making purposes. I started to write, however, that in the case of the "Express" anti-corporation skirmishing, the motive is not on the square. For instance, E. Tobias Earl's newspaper never says anything derogatory to corporations in which he has a material interest. How many of the "Express's" readers have seen

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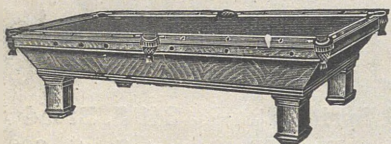
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anything in Mr. Earl's "Express" to the detriment of the Home Telephone Company, or of the Union Oil Company, or of the Los Angeles-Pacific Railway Company? In all of these Mr. Earl owns, or until recently did own, stocks and bonds, and at least one of the three may never have given cause for hostile news criticism, the point here is that where facts pertaining to all of them, when published in Mr. Earl's "Express" where appear such stories, show almost human intelligence in their careful editing. And if orders that all such news must be vised higher up, are not part of the Earl editorial policy then I am unable to read between the lines.

### "Tainted" News.

And yet the "Express" has more to say in regard to alleged tainted news than all the other daily newspapers in Los Angeles. And while all of us who are anxious to see the Southern Pacific as such swept from California politics, is it intelligently sensible to lay at the door of E. H. Harriman, for instance, the blame for rebate giving where the offence was committed by some underling of whom Mr. Harriman probably never heard? Why not blame Mr. E. Tobias Earl or the Los Angeles "Express" because the Sultan of Morocco has declined to this time, to turn Christian. We all realize that the "Express" would claim credit for such a conversion, and unless W. R. Hearst beat him to it, E. Tobias Earl would establish his

claim to the facts as first published in the "Express."

### The Test.

at least one test it was proved beyond doubt that about eight thousand male persons in Los Angeles may be swayed by the "Express." That was in the anti-saloon campaign. And it is these eight thousand whom E. Tobias Earl and his skimmed milk newspaper may drive to anarchy. That some already are convinced that all corporations are thieves' nests, and that all men of wealth came by such wealth dishonestly may be accepted as a fact, and that others may follow in the same steps, while not probable, is possible. There is the danger, and it was this same class demagoguery farther East that undoubtedly was responsible for the recent Wall Street panic. If E. Tobias Earl only made a distinction between the capitalists whose wealth is tainted, either by rebating or otherwise, and the wealth acquired honestly, such as his own, for instance, this lecture might not have been necessary.

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First class service for first class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

## Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:—

I've spent quite a wonderful day; you would never believe me if I told you that since two o'clock this afternoon I've been for a trip through the Orient, would you?

But so it seems to me at all events, after visiting the new and wonderful Oriental department in the annex of the Boston Store. It was a private view I was privileged to enjoy, my dear; the public will not be admitted until Monday, November 4. I don't know where to begin to tell you about this wonderful treasure land, gathered from all the farthest corners of the earth, during the past twelve months by Mr. McRay, one of the most enthusiastic and cultured art collectors in the United States. Invaluable precious specimens of art antique value are to be exhibited and sold in this new department. From Japan, China, India, Burmah, Ceylon, Thibet, Siam, Kashmir, Persia and Egypt, have been gathered, all of the rarest curios and artistic specimens in carved ivories and woods, beautiful embroideries brocades and tapestries, rich oriental hangings and rugs, rare jewelries, enamels, brasses, bronzes, porcelains, cloisonnes and wonderful gold and silver lacquer. The most exquisite Japanese screens that have been seen in America, embroidered by the celebrated Japanese artists, Tukashaya; porcelains of the great Ma-kuza and Kukoza; bronzes from Watanaba, and almost sacred bits and specimens of the royal Satsuma ware. Words are absolutely inadequate at this juncture, my dear Harriet. Imagine the outlay for this collection; over one hundred thousand dollars worth of articles of the rarest and most historically interesting value have been shipped to this coast to the good Boston store. Already col-

lectors have had a peep into this remarkable new art gallery. The carved ivories have been conned and discussed by a number of those "fiends" who think no price too high for an original and only specimen of ancient ivory. A connoisseur from Pasadena had just left when I came on the scene today,

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and had carried away in triumph a little carved ivory group, for which he had willingly paid the small sum of four hundred and fifty dollars. There is a screen among other attractions there, my dear, that is worth a day's journey to look upon. A moonlight scene in sepia, and depicting foaming, rushing water falling over rocky river beds, so realistic as almost to splash if you should venture too close, and this is all done in hand embroidery, the labor of half a life time, one one would think. Time and space prevent my telling you of the wonders you will see in this foreign land, my friend, but any one coming to town and failing to visit the annex will miss a part of a most liberal and delightful education.

On leaving the land of the lotus leaf I betook me prosaically across the crowded Broadway to Blackstone's big new dry goods store and saw and admired some most modern and up-to-date gowns and robes for evening and reception wear that had just been opened and hung up in the pretty tiring rooms. Silk voile in black or colors over a taffeta slip seems to be very good this season. Some lovely Battenburg lace and net gowns were no end swell and dressy; less expensive demi-toilettes were also to be found at Blackstones this week, awfully smart and novel in design. Hand-embroidered sets came in all the pretty evening shades; in black also I noticed a very fine assortment of useful dresses, from fifty dollars on up, that had no end of style to them. Blackstone's fitter and tailor lady is, I may suggest to you, one of the best in the city, so any of these gowns can be quickly and silently moulded to your figure, and look as if it were veritably a made-to-order creation.

The Ville de Paris today wasn't doing a thing but selling hats, a special priced hat—for this week for ten dollars. They were worth a good deal more and going onto heads gay and gray at the greatest rate. Miss Lucas, the attractive and clever "boss" of this department, showed me some wonderfully swell mushrooms, all fluffy with marabouts and ospreys. They have certainly some very stunning millinery at the Ville this season, dear girl, especially in the big imported theater hats. Georgette of Paris

is much patronized by this store, and certainly turns out some stunning headpieces.

Once more it was my duty, as well as my real pleasure, to buy a new frock for my little kindergarten miss; and of course, it was unnecessary to think twice where that should be selected. Myer Siegel, of 251 South Broadway, is the place for the children, every time, and this visit I found perhaps a more tempting display to choose from than ever before. Misses frocks at Siegels are arranged to suit every age, and price and style, but for me the Peter Thomson for school wear is the best and the most stylish make in the market. For twelve dollars I purchased a charming little navy serge frock with all the anchors and eagles and straps and braids necessary to adorn the "chic" little sailor lass. I inspected also, with a view to Christmas parties, Siegel's large and varied assortment of gladder and more fancy dresses for the youngsters. From tiny tots, little French doll looking frocks, to the hand embroidered taffeta and silk chiffon and velour for sixteen year old maidens, these little gowns are perfectly delightful; and always absolutely correct and reliable at Myer Siegel's.

Now, dear girl, after much meditation and calculation I decided that it was really up to me to add a few curls—at one dollar per—to my modest birthright. I wanted to buy a hat and simply dared not face my milliner without at least half a dozen little movable sausages to fill up the caverns made by the present day bonnet. So, to place my money where it would do the most good I determined to visit the Ramsdell company's toilet parlors at 36 and 37, 455 South Broadway. I was glad afterwards that I had so decided, because these clever people put me wise to no end of tricks of the hair dressing trade, and kindly saved me buying more puffs than my purse and my conscience approved of, by arranging and coaxing my unruly locks and switches into becoming pompadours and little fat ringlets.

So 'twas with an air of comfortable pride and security that I sailed down to my friend, Miss Swobdi, and had her advise me wherein my own tastes and feelings did not jibe with

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Next to the Ville 313 S. BROADWAY

the extraordinary fashion of this year of grace, 1907. The hats which Swobdi vows are the smart things in the East and in Paris look to me like a cross between a fireman's helmet and a coal scuttle, but if you can buy up an ostrich plume or two and yank the tail feathers out of a bird of paradise, fasten them all on with a crow bar to your store curls, why you really do begin to look like somebody worth while. I shall tell you of Miss Swobdi's new premises, (which she was so busy planning she had little time for me) when I write next week.

Until then, adios.

Affectionately yours,

**LUCILLE.**

South Figueroa street, October thirtieth.

Recent arrivals of Angelenos at the Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, are: Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Spruance, James A. Keeney, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Brower, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Townsend, J. D. Campbell, Mrs. E. S. Lenord, J. E. Levi, son and governess, F. M. Byron, John E. Judd, Mr. and Mrs. C. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry I. Fenner, William Fitzhugh.

Among the guests registering at the Hotel Majestic, San Francisco, during the last week were the following from Los Angeles: E. L. Leser, Geo. I. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Murphy, Mrs. M. C. Richardson, N. Meyer, Henry M. Newmark, LeRoy E. Anderson, C. A. Fellows, A. B. Frankenstein, Robert Handlen, James Patte, Joseph Hadley, Frank H. Han, Louis Franklin, Thomas W. Johnson.

## In the Open Air

By JACK DENSHAM

**QUAIL.**  
Up in the foothills  
Quails are fluttering,  
Shotguns are spluttering,  
Hunters are muttering;  
Swift run the rills.

Down in the city  
There waits the steaming pot,  
But he's a woeful shot,  
And he brings quail Not;  
Oh, what a pity!

The yachting season is over and the fool-killer has not been around. I am happy to say that his presence is needed less every year, but he could do some excellent work at times if he would pay us a visit. Discretion is always the better part of foolhardiness, and there would be fewer accidents on the water if some of the amateur sailors were not afraid of being thought afraid. The trouble is that some of the yachtsmen go out for a few sails and act as one of the crew; then they think they know the whole thing, and are competent to sail a boat. Maybe they are in fair weather and smooth water, but when it comes to a pinch they don't know what to do, and it is only due to the offices of Saint Peter that there are so few drownings.

I regret to say that Mr. Squire's auction sale was not a success. I do not think much of the auction method of selling boats, but there should have been somebody round to offer some kind of a price for such little champions as the "Valkyrie" and "Merlin." Either of these two craft are easily worth anything up to \$1,000, and would be bargains at less. They have the advantage of being easily handled by one man if necessary, and combine with this sufficient cabin room to make comfortable sleeping accommodations for two or three. They are both well built and fast for their size. I only wish I had the wherewithal to buy the "Valkyrie." I consider her an ideal boat for a Corinthian.

I am sorry to see the Athletic Club mixed up in a semi-professional baseball league. This league is supposedly made up of amateur teams, but it is a recognized fact that it is nothing but a nursery for the larger all-professional leagues. I do not wish to intimate that the club is sending out professional players, but however amateur they may be, they will gain nothing by being connected with a league eighty per cent of whose members are professionals. San Pedro and Santa Barbara are in the best positions to hire good players, and I look for one or the other of them to make the most points during the season.

Slowly but surely the great American public is learning to appreciate the new game of football. It seems to me, prejudiced as I am, that Rugby will be the American game before very long. There is only one difference between Rugby and the Inter-collegiate game. In the former a man running with the ball is tackled, just the same as in the American play but, when he is tackled, the tackler has not the grand privilege of putting his foot on the victim's face and screwing the cleats until his opponent has little to look through save a mass of jelly. People are beginning to recognize the fact that it is far more sportsmanlike to let a man go after you have tackled him, than to hammer him into insensibility. I speak strongly. Perhaps I exaggerate but, as I have already stated, the American public is beginning to realize the difference.

One of the finest exhibitions of Rugby I have seen was that given by Polytechnic and San Bernardino High Schools last Saturday at Bovard Field. Both teams played for all they were worth, and the lads used their heads as well as their limbs. I take a certain amount of credit to myself when I say that the San Bernardino team was out-classed. The Polytechnic players showed that they had assimilated what I know of the game and, as a matter of fact, that is far more to their credit than to mine. I only wish I had the chance



to take a High School Rugby team from California over to England. You may laugh at me, but I feel sure that Polytechnic, for instance, could wipe the earth with any of the average public school teams at home. I mention Dulwich, Whitgift, Christ's Hospital, any of the suburban schools and do not bar the big provincials, not even Rugby itself.

The Editor refuses to tell me who Mr. Henry is; this good S. B. Henry who wrote a very dainty article on the subject of college athletics and persuaded that same Editor to publish it. In its way it is good as an article, but it merely does some very mild criticising and makes not a single suggestion for a remedy. I doubt very much whether this same Mr. Henry ever took part in athletics to any extent. He treats the College mix-up from the point of view of a writer, and not from that of an athlete. He reminds me of the beckoning finger of Keltly or Von Blon, who have a "Starter" under their fingers, and hail the first reporter they see to go out and get the "Story." With all due respect to Mr. Henry and his very excellent English, he has done nothing to advance the cause of good Sport. I think that I have already pointed out the remedy for this unsportsmanlike college trouble. Have the "Prexy" vouch for every member of the team. I have thought the matter over at some length, and I cannot see where there is any flaw in this scheme. A president of a College or University is, naturally, a man of the most unimpeachable honor; he has the honor of his institution at heart, he will find little trouble in determining whether prospective representatives of the school or college have a right to play on the team or not. Put the matter up to them, and you will settle the whole trouble.

There is another solution which is working

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splendidly at Polytechnic, and that is Self-Government. The boys who have not done justice to their studies are not allowed to play on the team. Those who have shown any signs of professionalism are warned; if they continue they are ruled out of school games. I think that perfect justice is more nearly reached in this way than any other. An Institution such as the Polytechnic High School with a grand sportsman and gentleman like Mr. Francis at the head to over-see the self-governing body, comes as near to the ideal regulation of youthful affairs as is possible. Any way, what does it matter if some of the players are ruled out? There are always others waiting to take their places. The best three-quarter on the Polytechnic team was dropped for bad studies, or some reason with which I am thankful to say I have nothing to do. There were three boys who had a chance to take his place. They worked as hard as they could to qualify themselves for that position. The man picked for the place went on the field last Saturday with the determination to make good. He did. I had told him to try and forget the old game and to play Rugby. He gave a splendid exhibition of a passing game. He kept his head and suborned strength to speed and cleverness. That boy is Guy Goodwin, and he will certainly make the team if he goes to either of the California Universities. There are other lads at the school who are nearly as good as he. They are out for the fun of the game and the joy of hard exercise. Not a thought of getting anything for playing ever crossed their minds. There are boys here who are nearly good enough to play on the team, but not quite as good as others. Do they grouch because they have no chance to represent their school? Not for an instant. They turn out every day for practice and play as hard as they can. These are the true sportsmen, and, if they only knew it, they are doing just as much for the honor of the school as the players who win matches. Of course I am prejudiced in favor of Polytechnic, but I know I am right when I refer to the boys of that school as real sportsmen out for the game and the pleasure of it. If all boys who went to high school were imbued with the same spirit that prevails at Washington and Grand Avenue, there would be no Inter-collegiate trouble.



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## On the Stage and Off

The New York "Dramatic Review" in its criticism of "The Silver Girl" at Wallacks says: "The best of the cast is Lillian Albertson, who plays the governess, Julia Raymond. Miss Albertson is beautiful, has strong personality and a good voice, and knows how to effect a character representation in a simple role. Her scene with Mr. Fawcett in the second act is exquisitely acted, and all through the play she impresses one as being the type of woman she represents."

Of the play itself the "Dramatic Review" says: "The Silver Girl, named for a mine, not a blonde haired young woman as the posters might lead one to think, is a jellyfish sort of play, spineless but with many tentacles. It begins somewhere near the middle of the third act and concludes shortly after the rise of the curtain on the fourth, though the 'tag' is not spoken until the very finish of the act. The author apparently had an idea and wrote his play as rapidly as possible, so as not to lose it, and then never found time to revise his writings. Characters are brought on in couples, allowed to speak their pieces, then cleared off to permit the entrance of other characters. The whole thing is a succession of expected situations, even to the climax of the third act and the denouement of the fourth. And the play is excellently acted."

Lillian Albertson is going to have a chance to originate the chief feminine role in "Paid in Full," a new play by Eugene

Walter, who is locally famous for his play, "The Undertow." "Paid in Full" was written with Annie Russell in mind for the leading part and the play was scheduled to have an early production at the Astor theater, New York. Miss Russell's recent illness made it apparent that she would not be able to go ahead with the play and her managers, Wagenhals & Kemper, in casting around for a suitable actress to replace her, hit upon Miss Albertson, who has achieved one of the very few real successes in New York this season. The new play is full of strong situations, the story concerns modern life in a big city and it has every element of the successful dramatic composition. Mr. Walter wired Manager Blackwood of the Belasco for an opinion as to Miss Albertson's worth and the answer was to the effect that she should give a better performance than even Miss Russell. Mr. Blackwood and Hobart Bosworth have both read "Paid in Full" and are enthusiastic about it.

"The Royal Chef," the musical hodge-podge that has been entertaining the audiences at the Los Angeles theater during the week, is a good specimen of what a musical show that hopes to win a New York success should not be. As originally presented at the La Salle theater, Chicago, "The Royal Chef" was purely and simply a Michigan Boulevard affair, with no pretensions to anything that even resembled New York. The songs were of Chicago, the gags were made for the express amusement of the people of

the Windy City, and for over a year "The Royal Chef" was a huge laughing success in Chicago. But the day arrived when the owners of the piece wanted a New York hearing and they sought it without expunging the Chicago atmosphere. Sad indeed was the first night when Comedian Dave Lewis warbled the chief song of the piece, "Take Me Back to Old Chicago," whereupon the critics and audience joined in the chorus, "Yes, for God's sake take him back to Chicago and never again let him stray to New York." The failure of the piece was as sudden as it was emphatic in New York—and all because the Gothamites would not stand for anything that was so distinctly Chicagoesque. But out here in the far West we have no such likes and dislikes as characterize the theater-going population of New York—a population that is composed of people from such throbbing centers of culture and refinement as Norristown, Pa., Oshkosh, Wis., Clarksville, Tenn., and Portsmouth, N. H. Away out here, "The Royal Chef" with its "The Take Me Back to Chicago" song was relished immensely, and the Los Angeles theater has been kept well filled in consequence.

One bright dramatic critic naively asked, during the three stick review of "The Vanderbilt Cup," "Who, pray, is Joseph Gaites, who presented the musical play." Thereupon he proceeded to air the opinion that Mr. Gaites' "presentation" was about as vile smelling as a musical play as the



afterstench of an automobile. When "The Little Johnny Jones" Company was advertised for the current week at the Mason no particular mention was made of the fact that this Cohan play is under the direction of the same Mr. Gaites.

Violet Rand, who has been playing the ingenue roles at the Belasco for the past few months, has resigned to accept a position with one of Charles Frohman's companies. Miss Rand was a prominent member of Maude Adams' original "Peter Pan" company during the big Empire Theater career of the Barrie piece.

Joseph Galbraith, who boasts of being the only curly haired lad who ever played leading roles with a local stock company, is hankering for a return to the realm of the footlights. His latest plan is to have a sketch written for him, in which he will have a chance to appear in a part not dissimilar to the one he played in Richard Walton Tully's lively farce of life at Stanford, "A Strenuous Life" and originally produced at the University under the name, "James Wobberts, Freshman." Failing in this scheme for a vaudeville appearance Galbraith might fall back on a local appearance as Carl Heinrich in the evergreen success, "Old Heidelberg." Any way, it becomes more apparent every day that the stage is soon to welcome back the curly haired lad who is just now about thirty pounds above the leading man weight.

Harry Mestayer is one of the most pleased actors one can find in the city nowadays. Isn't the merry little box office magnet Ib-sen-ing to his heart's content? W-e-l-l!

Helen Dexter, the vivacious and volatile soubrette, who is one of the few clever people of "The Little Johnny Jones" company at the Mason this week, is the guest of Los Angeles friends during her stay in Southern California. Miss Dexter has been the recipient of a number of social attentions during the week.

Joe Kilgour, the handsome big leading man of the Ferris company, bewails the commencement of the rehearsals of "Cleopatra" Monday morning, because it will interfere with his game of golf at the Country Club.

A man, woman or child, who wants to see the prettiest young woman who has appeared on a Los Angeles stage for many a day, should visit the Orpheum as quickly as possible, and gaze upon the fascinating countenance of Lily Charlene, who thumps the xylophone—most distressingly awful of instruments as a general rule—and smiles the most alluring sort of a smile imaginable the while. A local manager, himself considered to be something of an authority of feminine pulchritude, simply exclaimed "g-e-e" when Miss Charlene uncorked her first smile. And as she continued to shower her loveliness upon an act that in itself is more than commonly good, the manager in question continued to marvel that an audience should be privileged to look upon such a really bright, winsome, ingenuous sample of womanly beauty. And, as I said at the outset, any man, woman or child who wants to see the handsomest girl that has been seen on a local stage for years should hike to the Orpheum

without delay.

May Catherine Smith, daughter of James Smith, the Spring street clothing merchant, is to have a chance to demonstrate what sort of an actress she is after next week, in "The Heart of Maryland," at the Belasco. For the past two seasons, Miss Smith has been playing ingenue roles with Modjeska, on tour, and is reputed to possess an enviable amount of talent that ought to make her work on the Belasco stage more than ordinarily acceptable.

Florence Barker, the clever Los Angeles girl who had her first real chance with the Ferris company a year ago, and who succeeded as the leading lady in impossible melodramas at the Grand during the past summer, is to play the ingenue roles in the Ferris productions this winter at the Auditorium. Mr. Morosco hoped that Miss Barker would appear in "Sky Farm" at the Burbank next week, but the young girl decided after a rehearsal of the role that it was unsuited to her. Miss Barker ought to achieve a considerable degree of success with the Ferris organization, where she will have the pick of the young girl parts.

Charles Seyler, who disposes of his spare time between selling insurance and writing of the local drama for the "New York Dramatic News," makes an imposing picture as he watches an Orpheum performance and makes mental notes of the smart things he will say of the show in his metropolitan paper. Otheman Stevens seated across the aisle from the real article in the critical line appears quite uncritical by comparison.

"The Undertow" will be played in twelve different cities next week by stock companies. The piece is expected to prove a tremendous vote getter for Tom Johnson, the advocate of three cent car fare in Cleveland, for it was in this Ohio city that Mr. Walter, the author, wrote "The Undertow."

Bill Desmond, THE leading man of the Burbank company, is to become a Shriner at the next initiation ceremony, and already at least a dozen friends of the actor have petitioned Potentate Matt Flint for a chance to lead Desmond over the hot and burning sands. There will certainly be something doing in the Desmond vicinity on a particular night in November.

Walter Hoff Seeley denies the rumor that he is to appear with the Ferris company. Seeley avers that Otheman Stevens printed the cruel and unjust story in "The Examiner" out of pique because Manager Ferris wouldn't consent to allow Stevens to join the Roman army clothed in only a toga and dramatic dignity. Whereupon Stevens penned a paragraph to the effect that his rotund friend Seeley was to impersonate the Roman Crowd in "Cleopatra."

The Ferris Stock Company and Miss Florence Stone will open their season at the Auditorium Theater, Monday, November 11, with a magnificent and spectacular production of Sardou's masterpiece, "Cleopatra." The company returns this year with a splendid stock organization, and produces the best of plays and the latest successes of the season at the regular popular Ferris prices.

In spite of the advance agent's glowing terms, the musical comedy at the Mason this week might be termed a "frost." Everything seems shop-worn, from costumes to voices, and one wonders if one is supposed to believe that the present company really supported George Cohan. Perhaps it is necessary that Billy Seymour as Johnny Jones should imitate George Cohan's eccentric ways, but from the occasional glimpses caught of Mr. Seymour's own idea of the part, it would be far better for him to play himself. Wm. Keough as The Unknown, easily is the best actor in the company, although Helen Dexter makes her triple allotment of parts all interesting. While the chorus seems composed mostly of "ancient damsels," still they are sprightly and graceful, and provide the best of the show.

Although possessing the usual glaring faults of the dramatized novel—the slurring of incidents and lack of continuity—"The Crisis" proves more than interesting in the capable hands of the Belasco Company. Plays hinged upon the Civil War never fail to arouse American enthusiasm, and Winston Churchill's effort is no exception to the rule. This week's production marks the return of Harry Glazier to the Belasco stage—after a long and enforced absence—in an excellent delineation of the part of Clarence Colfax, the fiery and impulsive Southerner, who, beneath the devil-may-care surface, has all the gentleness of his breeding. Howard Scott's portrayal of Eliphalet Hopper is one of the best things this artist has done. With a hundred little details of mannerism and facial expression, never failing in his snaky, sly insinuation, Mr. Scott makes a veritable Uriah Heap of a most despicable character. The Judge Whippel of John Daly Murphy, is an intelligent and finished character bit, all the more grateful when one remembers Mr. Murphy's comedy buffoons. We have seen a number of Virginia Carvels here, but none sweeter and more touching than Blanch Stoddard. She makes Virginia the simple, yet complex Southern girl who is irresistibly adorable even when her hot temper runs away with her heart. The part of Stephen Brice is an exceedingly human one, for nine out of ten men would sacrifice duty to love—and yet, so accustomed have we become to having our heroes perfect that we rather regret Brice's departure from the rule, even though Lewis Stone renders his accustomed reserved and convinced interpretation. William Yerance in a splendid make-up as Colonel Carvel and Richard Vivian as Carl Richter, deserve more than a line for their excellent work.

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Matinees Sunday, Tuesday, Saturday.

**Trusty Tips to Theatre Goers.****Mason**—Edwin Milton Royle's drama of English and American life, "The Squaw Man," with William Faversham in the role of Jim Wynnegate, promises entertainment for the next week.**Belasco**—Lionel Barrymore's starring vehicle, "The Other Girl," with Lewis Stone in the Barrymore role, holds the boards for the coming week.**Burbank**—Pastoral drama is especially acceptable in the hands of the Burbank people, and "The Sky Farm," should prove no exception to the rule.**Grand**—Ben Hendricks is coming back. Everybody knows the "Northland Singer," and everybody will admit without argument that he is the best interpreter and the foremost exponent of Swedish dialect on the stage. The present season finds him once more with his first play, "Yon Yonson" in which he will appear at the Grand for the week commencing Sunday Matinée, November 3. Hendricks makes the play one round of jollity, and his famous songs, yodels and lullabys are as strong favorites as ever. This is Hendrick's first season as "Yon Yonson" since 1900.**Orpheum**—The leading number on the next bill at the Orpheum, commencing next Monday evening, November 4, will be The Colonial Septette, presenting "An Olde Tyme Hallowe'en." This is not merely a spectacular setting for a melange of pretty-nonsense, but also introduces a musical exhibition of the finest qualities; of cornet and trombone as producers of harmony. The climax of the act is reached when the septette joins in a medley of classical airs with grand effect. Elfie Fay is best known as "The Belle of Avenue A" as she and that song sprang into fame together. But her repertoire is not limited to that one song hit. She has a special faculty for odd characterizations which she carries into vaudeville as her chief asset. Elfie Fay has already made numerous appearances in Los Angeles, but this is her vaudeville debut here. The Four Dainty Dancers, lithe, sprightly and shapely are said to be just the sort of girls to keep the front rows in demand during their present engagement here. They are Parisian and real Parisian, too, which is enough said. Julia Herne and her company will present her original playlet, "Between the Acts." Mme. Bartholdi's trained Cockatoos, Ladell and Crouch, Charlene and Charlene, The Teddy Trio and the Hawaiian Quartet remain for another week.**Los Angeles**—"The Rollicking Girl" which has gained the record as being one of the prettiest, laughter creating, and catchy musical attractions on tour this season, is the pleasing announcement for the Los Angeles Theater for the week commencing this Sunday night. That clever German comedian, Snitz Edwards, is the principal fun-maker in his humorous character study of the funny wig-maker, and it is a rarity when comedians are offered so much scope for continuous laughter in a part as Mr. Edwards is able to extract in this role. "The Rollicking Girl," the title of which is played by Lila Blow, and its large company which enjoyed the phenomenal run of 250 nights last season at the Herald Square Theater, New York City, is sure to prove the musical treat of the theatrical season.**In the Musical World**

The week of Monday, November 4, will mark the closing of the Milan Grand Opera Company's engagement, and as a grand finale to this successful season a line of operas with a brilliant cast for each opera will be given. Monday and Wednesday nights will be given to Puccini's greatest masterpiece, "La Tosca," with the same cast that presented it about two weeks ago, and created such a hit. "Tosca" will be sung by Ester Ferrabini. This beautiful young woman has a voice of much power as well as beauty, and with Alessandro Arcangeli as "Scarpia," whom the composer himself declares is the greatest "Scarpia" living, and Angelo Parola as "Cavaradossi,"

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this opera should be a great drawing card to the many opera-goers. Tuesday and Friday nights "Otello" with a brilliant cast, including Chev. Francesco Signorini as "Otello," Alessandro Arcangeli as "Iago" and Lina Bertozzi as "Desdemona." Francesco Signorini has won considerable renown as "Otello," and this will no doubt be his strongest role here.

A popular priced matinee of "La Traviata" will be given Wednesday with Mme. Padovani as "Violetta," Angelo Parola, Adolfo Pacini and Artidoro Mauceri. At a recent offering of this great opera, critics declared it to be one of the best the Milan Company has produced here. A matinee performance of this opera only, will be given.

"Barber of Seville" in honor of Mme. Padovani, is scheduled for two performances, on both Thursday and Saturday nights. The cast includes Mme. Adelina Padovani, Angelo Parola, Adolfo Pacini, Paolo Wulman and the only real buffo basso on the Italian stage, Luigi Bergami. This is one of Mme. Padovani's favorite operas and one in which she excels, and is claimed by critics of the San Francisco newspapers to be superb in every way.

"Faust" will be given another production owing to the many requests received. As before, the cast offered includes Olinto Lombardi as "Mefistofele." Ester Ferrabini, the beautiful soprano, will sing "Marguerite." Angelo Parola will be seen as "Faust," while Alessandro Arcangeli will be heard to good advantage as "Valentine."

The Milan Company brought to Los Angeles the best balanced grand opera company that has been seen here in many years, with some artists equal to the best in the world, and it is to be hoped that next year this same magnificent company will return with the same selection of stars.

At the Gamut Club the following teachers now have studios: F. H. Colby, Maud Langstaff, James S. Lacy, George H. Carr, Birdine Hogaboom, Gladys Downs and Mr. Leonard. There are still two studios vacant at very moderate rates. This building became very popular with musicians last year by the high class of entertainments and the fact that several of the best teachers in the city having studios there.

There is a new tenor at Domenico Russo's home on Park Grove avenue. His range is high above the D flat which Domenico Russo achieves. His weight has not been taken but of his vocal ability there can be no doubt. He was born on Monday and "Monday's child is fair of face"—and voice.

Everything has been arranged for the first symphony concert of the season, which takes place at Temple Auditorium on Friday afternoon, November 15, at 3 o'clock. The program numbers are as follows:

Fourth Symphony in D Minor, Op. 120 (Schumann); introduction, allegro, romanza, scherzo, finale.

Fifth Concerto in A Major (Mozart); allegro aperto, adagio, tempo di Minuetto.

Overture to the "Flying Dutchman" (Wagner.)  
Grand Festival March in B flat (Hugo Kaun.)

Mr. Abraham Miller has been selected as the tenor in the "Messiah," to be given by the Apollo Club on December 12, at the Shrine Auditorium. Mr. Charles A. Bowes is the basso, and Miss Genevieve Wilson of Chicago the soprano.

Mr. Archibald W. Sessions has resumed giving organ recitals at Christ Church. Last season these afternoon recitals were among the most pleasant musical attractions in the city. This season some of the recitals will be given in the afternoon and some in the evening. The first recital will be at Christ Church next Wednesday evening at 8:15 o'clock, and on this occasion Mr. Sessions will be assisted by Mr. Natorp Blumenfeld, violinist. The program follows:

Introduction and Allegro (Guilmant); from First Sonata.

(a) To the Evening Star (Wagner); "Tannhauser." (b) Gavotte (Pere Martini.)  
Violin, (a) Traumerei (Schumann); (b) Romance from D Minor Concerto (Wieniawski); (c) Ober-tass (Wieniawski).

Allegro Cantabile (Widor); from Fifth Organ Symphony.

Overture to "William Tell" (Rossini); by request.

Throughout the season the recitals will be given twice each month, the first Wednesday evening and the third Wednesday afternoon. The second recital will thus come on Wednesday, November 20, at 4 p.m., and on this occasion John Douglas Walker will be the soloist.

Manager Behymer announces for Tuesday evening, December 17, Emma Calve. "Calve, the capricious," some call her—Calve, whose notes are liquid silver that have to be paid for in coins of gold. The Calve voice is of great flexibility, of unusual compass, and of tremendous power, or of exquisite tenderness, such as has never been equalled, and with a versatility uncomparred. Her accompanist will be Madame Chemet of Paris. Her tenor, M. Camille de Creuse, and others. But one Calve program will be rendered in this city.



CECIL COWLES

Miss Cecil Cowles, a pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt and one of the most talented pianistes of this country, will give a recital at the Women's Club House on the evening of Monday, November 11, at 8:15 o'clock. Miss Cowles, who is a god-daughter of Count Von Schmidt, is a dainty winsome lass still in her teens, and competent critics believe her to be one of the coming artists of the country. The program which follows, includes two of her own compositions:

1. Sonata, A Major.....Beethoven
2. Valse Caprice .....Cecil Cowles  
Valse, E Major.....Cecil Cowles  
(Dedicated to my Godfather, Count Jaro von Schmidt.)
3. Liebestraum .....Liszt  
Valse, E Minor.....Chopin
4. Valse de Concert .....Moszkowski



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Mr. Charles A. Bowes, the basso, has announced his first recital of the season, to be given at Gamut Hall on November 14. Mr. Bowes will be assisted by Mr. Edward Fuller, the pianist, and a splendid program is promised. Mr. Bowes in addition to his oratorio work has taken up the special training of a portion of the artists assisting in the Assistance League vaudeville entertainment, to be given at Mason Opera House, November 18.

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Mr. Abraham Miller will be heard in recital at Blanchard's Hall on Friday evening, November 22. Mr. Miller's program will consist of selections by Bruch, Gounod, Elgar, Thomas, Brahms, Verdi, Handel and other well known composers.

Louise Nixon Hill, singer of costume numbers, and a member of St. John's Church choir, who has been filling recital engagements in the East, will return to Los Angeles on November 20 to give a series of song recitals in this city, and throughout Southern California.

Miss Bessie Bartlett, the reader and vocalist, has been engaged to appear in San Diego under the auspices of the Amphion Club of that city, early in December. She will present a version of Lohengrin in a dramatic form, while Archibald Sessions, pianist, renders the music score, while the fair interpreter gives the dramatic rendering to the auditor. The Amphion Club has this year invested no less than \$5800 for musical material in their series of eight entertainments, to be given in that city, and so far take the palm for active work in giving to their public a series of musical events seldom equaled in a town of 40,000 inhabitants.

Marquis Ellis, voice placer and instructor of many operatic favorites. Residence 749 Whittier street. Phone Main 4903.

The first concert of the Los Angeles Association of Mandolin, Guitar and Banjo Teachers attracted a full house to the Auditorium last Thursday night. The playing of the massed orchestras produced a splendid volume of sound, but the guitar solos of Miss Ethel Oleott were robbed of their effect in the great Auditorium. This is the more unfortunate as Miss Oleott is perfect mistress of her instrument and understands to perfection the art of handling it. A feature of the concert was the singing of the Marquis Ellis quartette.

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Arrah Wannah, Blue Bell, Bullfrog & Coon, Happy Heine, Cheyenne, Iola, Laughing Water, Starlight, Would You Care, Waiting at the church, Cavalleria, Rusticanna, Fifth Nocturne, Flatterer, Flower Song, Fra Diavolo, Il Trovatore, Spring Song. Send 2c postage for **FREE CATALOGUE.**

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## Among the Artists

By RENE T. DE QUELIN

On Saturday, October 26th, an exhibition of oil paintings by Joseph Greenbaum was opened to the public in the Steckel galleries, to continue for three weeks. Much has been said in regard to Mr. Greenbaum from the time he came to this city from San Francisco, after the earthquake. Consequently it is unnecessary to repeat the oft told tale, except that fate has been unusually good and kind to this particular painter inasmuch that he has enjoyed the sole patronage of the leaders of the golden elect. The first glance over the pictures tells us two things; that Mr. Greenbaum has improved wonderfully in portraiture and that he is an envi-

able master in coast scenes. The first painting, "Enchanted Isle," is everything that could be desired and proves beyond question that Mr. Greenbaum's forte decidedly lays in that direction and that he would be wise to abandon all other classes and concentrate his full force on this line of work. When we consider, as he tells us, that he has only just commenced this special line of work, it is only to be surmised what he will produce by longer and more concentrated energy in this one direction, for his power of rendering still water is exceptionally good. We find in any one of his Catalina subjects, which is always a strong test for any man's color,

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Fifth and Olive Streets

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"BARBER OF SEVILLE."

Saturday matinee, "FAUST."

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Mr. Douglas has recently installed in his Studio at St. Paul's. (523 South Olive St.) a fine modern Two-Manual Pipe-organ (electric motor) which he places at the disposal of Organ Students.

sense and preception, especially the waters around that "Enchanted Island," to be the most powerful. In all his portrayals of the water, they fairly sing with beautiful, luminous, rich, wet, transparent tones, that vibrate with one's breath, a perfect rhythm of liquid opal color. These are all the more strongly brought out by the beautiful contrasting color of the rocks and sparse herbage; the whole of which is suffused with atmospheric light, or what is termed in France "plein air," a much desired quality that painters of all schools for the last thirty years have been striving so hard to



obtain, and which forms the true success of many modern works, giving us the true feeling of atmosphere and consequently distance, known technically as atmospheric perspective, which has nothing whatever to do with color schemes, the impressionist or realistic method of rendering on canvas; as all styles, methods and colors of paintings should be suffused with this atmospheric light, consequently the term "plein air" in French, and "atmospheric light" in English is nothing but a simple and direct statement fully self-explaining. "Our California Capri" is a fine bit of color unusually clear and true in tone; "Turquoise Cove," another charming piece of color. "Above Lovers' Cove," a gem in color, transparent, together with a splendid depth of tone. "California Winter" is strong, bright and full of dash and color. "The Arroyo" is admirable, powerful in conception and handling, and finely sustaining throughout. The three portraits, those of Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. Morris Albee and Mrs. Fred Betts, speak for themselves. They are good likenesses, and paintings full of artistic merit, with a very strong Munich Academical aroma. We would say that this is one of the most refreshing and versatile exhibits ever held in the Steckel Gallery and proves the Artist to be a strong, bright painter with a power of depicting the wonderful, luminous, living sea; from the depths of its deepest sapphire into its most delicate and subtle opalescent colorings, all suffused with an atmospheric charm that is delightful.

#### Colonial Architecture and Decorations. (Continued.)

In our previous article we spoke of James Gibbs and Nichols Hawksmoor, and what they had accomplished towards establishing the Renaissance in England. The next in line to influence the early 18th century was Isaac Ware. Tradition tells us that he commenced life as a chimney-sweeper, but was discovered, by some notable person, standing in front of Whitehall making a drawing of it in his then crude way. A wealthy patron afterwards sent him to Italy to study,

and on his return he was appointed Clerk of the Works of the Tower of London in 1728; he also did considerable work at Windsor Castle. Later he published a very commendable work on Architecture, called the "Complete Body of Architecture," that gave many plates and much reading matter on the Chesterfield House, at Mayfair, which he built for the Earl of Chesterfield. He was appointed Master of the Carpenters Company, in London, one of the most flourishing Guilds of that time, 1763. In his book "Complete Body of Architecture," he speaks of interior decorations, and says:—"Paper, in a great measure has taken the place of sculptured ornaments." He reduces the decorations of rooms into three classes: first, those with a view to elegance; that is, where the wall is wrought in the finest manner and quality; second, where the walls are wainscoted or covered with panelling; and third, when they are hung with paper, silk tapestry or of any material whatever. His work on the Chesterfield mansion at Mayfair was certainly very grand and rich and not only showed great knowledge, but wonderful power and command in Architecture and all that comprises interior decoration. He at one time associated himself with William Kent, another strong man of that day, and in conjunction with him made drawings for Thomas Ripley's book on the Houghton Mansion, which Architect Ripley built for Robert Walpole in 1735 at Norfolk. Ripley's book gives some very interesting articles on interior decorations. Apparently Ware and Kent assisted Ripley with his Houghton work as they designed nearly all the chimney-pieces, and ceilings, which were very elaborate and important. Mahogany seems to have been the favorite wood. Contrary to what most people think, the Library at Houghton was wainscoted and trimmed with mahogany, the immense bookcases were also made of this wood. The description of the various rooms is exceedingly interesting, showing that nearly all the rooms including chambers were hung with damasks, tapestries and velvets; many of these materials such as velvets were richly

embroidered and laced with gold. A great deal of carving both of wood and marble was used at this time, many varieties of marble being utilized; it even speaks of a table being made of lapis lazuli. Kent seems to have done a great deal of the decorative painting himself. It appears he had been sent to Rome by a contribution made up by several wealthy gentlemen, and whilst there attracted the attention of Lord Burlington, who was the one to discover the real genius locked up in Kent. He returned to England with Lord Burlington, who promoted his welfare to the utmost and upon all possible occasions. He did a mass of work, doing a great deal of painting, dealing largely in Allegorical subjects, of which he was very fond, and became quite the rage, as all the elite showered orders upon him for designs for interior decorations, furniture, silversmiths' work, in fact everything appertaining to the interior. He also did an immense amount of landscape gardening. One of the Adams brothers spoke in the highest terms of him, but A. Cunningham, in his book, "Lives of British Architects," speaks of him in a very depreciating way; saying he was numbered among those peculiar fortunate men, who, without any high qualities, obtained wealth and distinction through his easy assurance, good sense and happy boldness of manner, which rejoices along the way, where original genius often hesitates and fails. Kent died in 1748. William Jones, Architect, published the first work on furniture and designs in 1739, which he called "The Gentleman's or Builder's Companion." Much reference is made in this and later works published on interior decoration and finish of the Tabernacle Frame, and by many readers of these early works misunderstood. It is simply a collective term used by English Artists to express the complete encasements of a doorway, window, chimney, breast or niche, when it is dressed or finished with columns or pilasters, with an entablature and pediment over them, as are recognized in nearly all pure Colonial treatments of openings.

(To be Continued.)

## Autos and Autoists

By JACK DENSHAM

With the early rains and the consequent awakening of nature comes a temporary revivifying of the atrophied brains of the average auto salesman. (Please understand that this is said in friendly josh.) I notice that you may call a man a wall-eyed old dunderhead on the street, and he will stop and talk to you, answering in kind. But the minute you begin to josh people in print they get sore. In fact the average man takes a whole lot too much notice of what is said about him if by chance he happens to appear before the public via the monotype route. This is the result of innate vanity. Am I right? As I was saying the atrophied brains of the auto salesmen are doing some work for the nonce and we actually know that there are some new automobiles in town. If it were not for the advertisements in the daily papers, goodness knows that only our own observation would enable us to find this out, under ordinary circumstances. But this is the time of year when the new ones arrive,

so the high-collared fraternity designs to allow its members to leave their arm chairs for a week or so and do a certain amount of work in return for their very liberal salaries. Last week I roasted the press agents and this week I am going to hand a bunch to the salesman. I do this because people are getting tired of my continuous boosting and the salesmen need it any way. Substitute the ablative case of the noun "Morpheus" for "Teucro" and Ovid might have been a writer of automobiles in Los Angeles today. Would that he had been. He carried round with him just about the right amount of "Peev" to render his biting sarcasm useful. "Sub auspice Teucro." Nix, never. Under the auspices of the good and grateful god Morpheus. That is where you will find the Los Angeles automobile salesman. And, if he be not sleeping, he will be engaged in making vigorous excuses for himself. Advice to salesmen of splendid automobiles. Learn United States or King's English. Use a certain amount of diplomacy with your customers and do not weigh them down with

the intimation that they don't know a darned thing. If you sell a cheap car don't try to look like a millionaire and then say "I seen him when he done it." If you sell an expensive car, don't mention the name of some woman who has had her picture in the society column of the "Times" as a recent

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purchaser, to a member of the fair sex and real local society. Do like Leon T. Shettler. He goes to a good tailor and looks wonderful wise. When he wants to write an advertisement he takes the same advice he gives to those who figure on buying anything but a Reo, "Don't." He lets Charlie Barton do it. I wish some of the people who advertise in the "Graphic" would do the same. It would save me much tramping and many brain storms. Here is a man who does nothing but figure out how to attract the attention of the great American public. I have liked Charlie for many a long day, but I

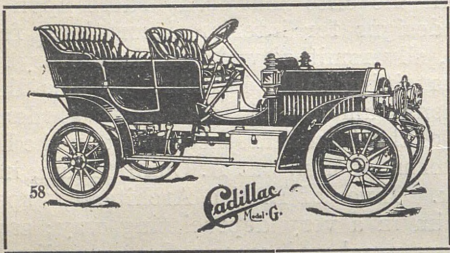
never appreciated his excellent work until I opened the pink sheet of the "Times" on Sunday. Besides the football news on the front page was a large notice "SEE SHETTLER'S AD on the third page of the PINK." I ask you, was that good? How many people could resist looking over on the third page? And echo answers "None." Charlie "keeps" next to the "Graphic" office, and "Dutchie" De Haaf takes pictures for him. More unsolicited and blatant advertising.

Here is the story of a kitten, or rather the kittenish behavior of Grand Avenue Bill. He made up his mind that he would like to go on some kind of a hunting trip, so he called together Charlie Grider, Frank Oswald and Adolph Herwig. He stowed them in a Pope-Toledo with their shot-guns and put Vic Machris in the front seat with him in case anything went wrong with the machine. You need no introduction to Vic if you happened to read my account of the Lakeside endurance run. Vic is the youthful foreman of the White Garage and as clever and careful as he is youthful. When I say foreman I mean of the repair department, and he is there with bells in sixteen different chimes. The Pope was headed towards the Simi and they arrived in due time at Moor Park. Here they hit the hotel for rooms, but the quail season was on and there was little room for them. Frank Oswald and Vic elected to rough it by sleeping in the barn, Bill, the epicurean, took the last remaining room in the hotel, and Charlie Grider bestowed his portly frame inside a tent. Bill called on his funny streak and the latter responded, so he took Charlie Grider into his confidence and they decided to arouse the sleepers in the barn. As a starter they sneaked in and opened up the corn bin, which emptied itself onto the heads of the two sleepers, while the guilty pair made their escape. Vic took exception to this treatment, so he devised a scheme of revenge. He waited for the return of the enemy, knowing quite well that Bill would not be content with one outburst of funniness. He was right, for presently he heard the two conspirators approaching as quietly as possible. He waited behind the door and, when Bill crept in, attired in a sheet with head piece of hollow pumpkin and lighted candle, he yelled and started for the ghost with the fork. The night was warm and Bill had only a slim under shirt beneath the sheet. When he saw the two gleaming prongs in the candle

light, he let out a yell and ran, dropped the sheet and fled, attired in nothing but a worried look and his under shirt, to the hotel. Then the two harassed ones rolled up in their blankets and retired for, what they supposed would be an undisturbed night's rest. Fifteen minutes passed and they snored. But Bill was not satisfied. He donned more adequate attire and searched in a neighboring ponds for some frogs. They liked not their new surroundings and one of them crawled onto Vic's neck. Imagine yourself in the same position. Vic yelled and Frank asked what the matter was. About that time the other frog found a lodging on his neck and there was a concerted rush for the door. Not knowing that Bill was responsible for the presence of the slimy visitors, they imagined that they had spread their blankets on a nest of reptiles and, for an hour, they sat shivering in the brush until they could muster sufficient courage to return and investigate. I hope that I have the right of this story. If I have not I would say to both parties concerned that, on the next trip of this description, there is but one way in which to avoid misrepresentation and that is to ask me to go along.

Speaking about the White Garage, Charlie Gates is doing excellent work. I took occasion a couple of weeks ago to say that he had been engaged as local press-agent and advertising man for the White people. I shall always be pleased to run his "dope" for he is one of the few who know how to hand out the live stuff. You will find some of his writings in nearly every copy of the "Graphic" from now on and I take this occasion to say that for good straight newspaper stuff, that which comes from Charlie's type-writer is as good as can be found. Read it and see. This week he gives me a clever little story about a Pope-Hartford car. Anything about that little buzz-wagon goes into my column without a question. I notice that Mr. Gates' copy is on mimeograph paper, but I will take the chance of its having been run elsewhere. Even it have, it is worth repeating.

"It is interesting to keep track of some of the individual cars that have a history. Last winter a Pope-Hartford touring car finished in green with a white stripe was picked out by Bert Dingley for the great race that was to be run between Los Angeles and San Francisco, through the inland route. Dingley was very busy with his



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regular work before the time of the race and was not allowed time to examine the long road; in fact, did never get over the regular route all the way. At the last moment he was sent out in the rain with the "Old Green car" as it was dubbed in company with two relief drivers and Charles Fuller Gates for guide, and ran into a cloud burst, dug the car out about a score of times in one day and forded boiling waters 140 times the first day, started back the next day and at last left the car on solid ground and started in the rain to walk back to Los Angeles with his three companions in disgust. With water everywhere and even the railroads out of commission the bedraggled wanderers got back somehow over the 50 miles and left the handsome Pope-Hartford standing out in a lonely canyon in the rain for a week until the waters went down.

"After a few days drying for the roads, Dingley again went out in the green Pope-Hartford, this time taking along the doughty Bill Reuss as a mud fighter and assistant driver. Roads were gone at times for miles, and lots of history was made pioneering with the old green car until Wild Bill Reuss got to believe that this particular car would do anything. At full forty miles an hour he jumped a ten-foot ditch, where cars since do not even try to cross. Even Dingley's nerve would not stand that, though the car got across all right, but the curve that was put in the rear axle by the blow of the frame bent the steel housing as well as axle at least an inch and a quarter. And yet the car went on for a score of miles before the solid steel axle was sheared off.

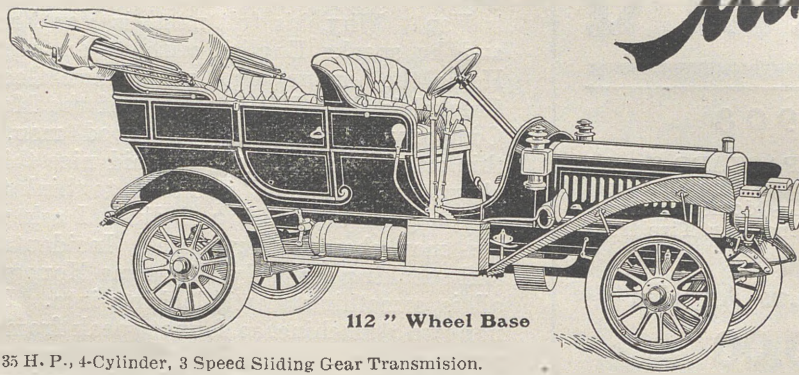
"Replacing the axel out there in the desert, the rain again started, and all the way to Fresno that old green car was punished grievously in a way that ten years of ordinary work would not do. At Fresno the passengers had had enough, and took the train back to Los Angeles.

"Then came the race. A new car was to have been used, but at the last moment this car was found to have been tampered with, and all the main bearings cut out, so the crew had to again fall back onto the old green Pope-Hartford, with its name painted in white letters a foot high on every side. Again the splendid car, which had almost seemed to have a soul, was tortured like a victim of the Spanish inquisition, hauled out of fords five feet deep, shot down bluffs, sunk in the mud, jumped across innumerable washouts, and again dropped so hard on the rear wheels that another bend was put in rear axle and housing. It was then only a question of so many thousand revolutions before crystallization would shear off the rear axle. When this happened, the crew had reached Tejon Pass, where it was forty miles to nearest railroad station, or telegraph office, so the poor car got a rest and the crew was relieved from further struggle. Now the car, all dressed in handsome French gray, has been secured by J. D. Vandergrift of Pasadena, and will have an easier time of it the rest of its natural life."

George Crackel has gone to Santa Barbara, and he will stop at some of the towns en route. George, you know, peddles the hot air for the Geo. P. Moore Company, and doubtless there are many drops of Monogram oils already laying the dust on the roads between here and the Potter Hotel. Talking about Monogram oil, I asked the

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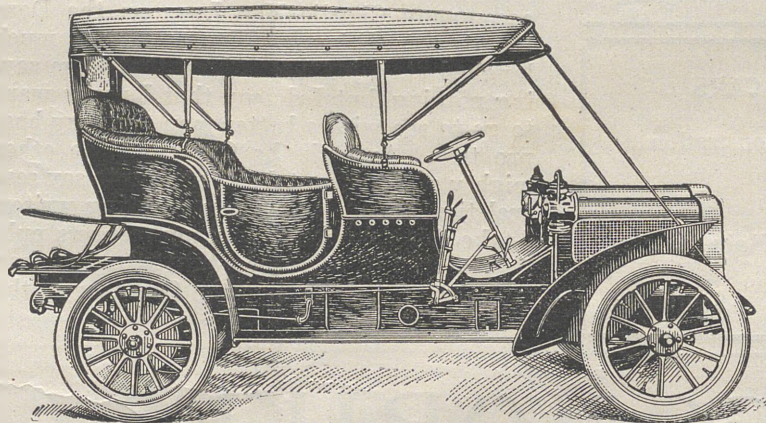
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origin of the name. He replied that it was named thus because, when it is used, one can open up the bearings and find the monogram of the oil inscribed on the shaft. Who is Van? Why, his full name is Van Zandt, and he speaks English without an accent. He is the managing genius and George Crackel is the "Flitting Kid" of the Moore Company. They are both good men. I think so because they have said nice things about the "Graphic," and seem to think that it is a good advertising medium. I ask you, can man show better sense? Incidentally, and speaking seriously, that same Monogram oil is something worth looking into. I do not own a machine, so cannot speak from experience, but I feel confident that you will not be fooled or lose anything by trying it. Specialties, that's the word. I like a house with specialties. They always have "dope" to give you.

If we can arrange for a ground next Saturday, "Germany" will be with the Castaways. He has just returned from a trip to Ensenada, and is looking as fit as the proverbial fiddle. When the whistle blows for a scrum I expect to have my arm around the ponderous form of our good little Dutchman. Glen went down there with the San Diego representative of the Auto Vehicle Company, Mr. Bowzer. Funnily enough, the latter is the "Spittin'" image of Billy Decoursey, and he is all the better sportsman for that, and loses nothing in good, healthy, fighting spirit. I imagine that the object of the trip was to look over the new stage route between San Diego and Ensenada. "Germany" tells me that the road is simply perfect between Tia Juana, except for the many river crossings. When these are bridged over, there will be as fast an eighty miles of road as you could find anywhere in California.

This has nothing to do with automobiles, but I think it will interest you, and the mention of Ensenada has brought it to my mind. I suppose you all know I had the honor to accompany Charlie Van Loan on the Dora Bennis expedition. We were very much laughed at, it is true. About that I am saying nothing, but I do say that I never want to go to sea with a better man than my boss pro tem. As both the Ogre and the other mighty editor have taken occasion to say several times, Van is lost as a sporting writer. I take this occasion to pay my respects publicly to one of the truest-hearted sportsmen and cleverest writers on the Coast, or in the

world, as far as that is concerned. There is much local jealousy of this big man. They would not be jealous of him if he were not big in mind as well as body. All this to show you that I have a very large respect for Van before I tell about the little trick I played on him, the which I have never repeated yet.

We came into Ensenada in a calm. In the morning the barometer had fallen, and it looked like a hard blow from the southeast. For two hours it rained, and then the barometer rose as fast as it had fallen. The worst of the storm passed to the southeastward, and was followed by a terrible northwester. For a time the wind blew from the west, and Big Bill and Hard Tack, who were left on board, wisely up-anchored and sought shelter on the other side of the bay. By the time they reached there, the wind had shifted to the northward, and they came back to look for a safe anchorage behind the jutting bluff above the wharf. They dropped anchor, and gave her plenty of scope, and, for a time, it held. Ed Duffy and the rest of the crew were ashore with us, and Ed said he had to go aboard. I did not want to go, I foresaw a night of horrible seasickness, with a chance of battling for my life in the breakers. Van thought that we ought to stand by the rest of the crew, to give a hand if necessary. I figured that two seasick landlubbers would be of little use in case of emergency, so I tried to dissuade him. Nothing doing, we must go aboard. So we went out on the wharf, where the "Manana" Scotchman was getting up steam to lower the surfboat.

Now imagine a wharf twenty-five feet above the water, the tide low, and the huge rollers breaking directly beneath us. It was into this moil that the boat was to be lowered. The instant it touched the water the fall of the tackle was to be thrown off, and three husky Mexicans would ply their oars for dear life, to keep the boat head on to the breakers, and keep her from being capsized. If they made a single slip after the hook was thrown off, there were a hundred chances to one that they would be capsized, and what chance with rocks fifty feet behind you? If they didn't throw the fall off instantly, the boat would broach to and capsize, surely. It meant, then, that as soon as the boat touched the water the tackle must be cast loose, and every mother's son row like blazes in a second, or worse than Davy Jones. The steam winch coughed, the big surf boat rose in the air, and was slewed out over the water. Ed Duffy and the rest of the crew piled in, and Van was about to follow them. I was most indecently afraid of the breakers, and I seized Van by the arm and pulled him back. Then I had an inspiration. "Hey," I yelled. "The fall won't hold all that load, wait till the boat is in the water, then we'll slide down the rope." I swore at the engineer to lower away. Of course, the second the boat hit the water the fall was thrown off and the Mexicans pulled for dear life. It was a mean trick, but well meant. Grand little old Orient, she rode the night out like a swan. That was not the only bad times we went through, either. There was one time going into Scammon's Lagoon when—well, that is another story.

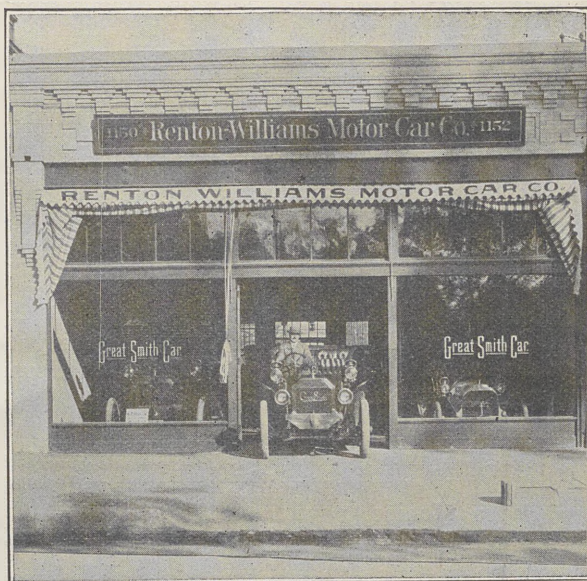
I regret that I was unable to keep my engagement with Mr. Nelson of the Diamond Tire Company. I said I would be there later on. I was not. I saw a Main street car com-



ing along and could not resist the temptation to go out to Prager field and see how the Polytechnic boys were doing. I stayed there not five minutes to tell them a few improvements, and then stayed to watch the practice game. When I made up my mind to leave it was late. Happily I caught Ed Caister, and he was jubilant with the arrival of the 1908 Locomobiles, and looking very well from lacrosse practice. Ed has not been looking too rosy of late, but hard exercise in the open air has transformed him. Great, big, husky, clean-limbed sportsman. I don't know which is better of its kind, Ed or the car he sells. Am I fulsome? Nay, nay, see him for yourself and judge.

N. B. At the top of the Box Springs grade there are two roads. If you are going to San Diego via Perris, do not bear to the left. If you do, you will get lost. Put your helm aport and bear to the right.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.



## The Great Smith Car

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL  
CAR OF THE YEAR -:-

Sounds Like a Heavy Blast--Maybe

We're Prepared to Prove It  
Drop Around and Be Convinced

RENTON & WILLIAMS  
MOTOR CAR CO.

1150-52 South Main Street

## Financial

By ALBERT SEARL, STOCKS AND BONDS DEPT., HERBERT L. CORNISH COMPANY

It came upon us a bit sooner than I had anticipated, the muck-raking panic of last week, and, thanks to the good sense of those who have been the most thoroughly muck raked, the country once more faces an era of prosperity. The future looks pretty good, after all, in spite of the two influences that recently have been battling for supremacy. I have special reference to those who like the President of the United States on the one hand, insist that corporate capital must be stringently regulated, and those on the other hand, who, like the executive head of the Santa Fe Railway system, for instance, are equally insistent that to throw obstacles in the way of corporate control ultimately will place the United States in the hands of a receiver.

Let us hope that both sides to the controversy have realized what each should have realized long ago, that, due to their tactics,

the middleman gradually was being ground to powder.

While cleaning out wild-cat schemes and banks is a commendable pursuit, the process should be accomplished with no danger to the innocent widow and orphan, the great middle class voter, who, as he gave to the president of the United States his remarkable popularity, stands ready without notice to disapprove of any policy that goes toward ending material prosperous conditions. Most of us are human after all, and a national administration, like an individual, is judged by results. That has been the case since the inception of our form of government, and it probably will be the situation to the end of the chapter. The majority of us, in a battle such as recently has been waged between the government and certain interests, are prone to mutter "a plague on both your houses," as we have a habit of doing in times of labor disturbances, where we have no material interest between the two sides that may be involved.

In that connection, the proposal advocated by United States Senator Francis G. Newlands of Nevada, ostensibly, of San Francisco really, for a conference between experts from both of the opposing muck-raking camps, a sort of treaty that will end for years all prospects of future industrial or financial hostility, should be commended by all who have at heart the welfare of our common country.

We in Los Angeles may well congratulate ourselves that this section withstood as a rock anything like panicky conditions, while the far East was throbbing in the throes of its recent financial misery. And most of us, even where we might have been inclined

to complain that the city's banks recently have been ultra conservative, now are willing to admit that the action of curtailing in certain credit lines, instituted several months ago, has placed Southern California in the front rank as a sound, solid and substantial section.

And to prove that we are not on the down grade, as far as actually, real progress is concerned, one has but to study the latest local building statistics. The record in this particular for October is well worth looking up, and as long as we continue to add a million dollars of new homes and business blocks to those already here, so long, will we be in excellent financial condition.

If there is a moral in all this, it points in the direction of the local security market. My advice still is: Invest your idle funds in standard securities that are here, where they can be watched all the time, and where your money may earn from eight to more

### SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

LARGEST IN  
SOUTHERN  
CALIFORNIA

4% INTEREST PAID  
ON TERM DEPOSITS

By special arrangement we pay  
3% interest on "Special Ordinary" accounts that may be  
checked against without presentation of passbook.

H. W. HELLMAN BLDG.  
FOURTH AND SPRING STREETS

We recommend the purchase of Home  
Preferred, Home Common, Home 1st 5's,  
U. S. Long Distance, Central Oil, Union  
Oil.

FIELDING J. STILSON CO.  
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### Foster's Magazine

Volume X OCTOBER, 1907 No. 2

Would You Like to Share in the  
Enormous Profits  
of the

200-Ton Smelter of the  
Pacific Reduction Company?

If so, buy some of the 20-YEAR 6%  
FIRST MORTGAGE GOLD COUPON  
BONDS, offered for a limited time only, a  
Bonus of 100% of the stock of said company.

If you realize the enormous dividends paid by smelters, you will write at once for our magazine, which tells all about this offer. Write today.

FOSTER BROTHERS

Suite 516 Bumiller Building

430 South Broadway Los Angeles, Cal.



than nine per cent, with the addition of a certain base of from twenty to forty per cent in the value of what you purchase, all within not to exceed a twelvemonth.

The prospect for the organization of a bank at Burbank is considered favorable. Martin Pupka, A. O. Kendall and G. H. Luttge have been appointed a committee to confer with the Columbia Trust Company of Los Angeles. C. F. Greenman, W. J. Hornby and Martin Pupka have been appointed a committee to investigate and report on a building site.

John S. Cook & Company, Bankers, of Goldfield, will remodel and refurnish its banking quarters in the Nixon Block. The bank will occupy temporary quarters in the

basement of the building until work is completed.

W. F. Holt has sold the control of the stock of the Imperial Valley Bank to a number of Brawley residents. He intends to use the money obtained from the sale of his stock in constructing buildings in Brawley. New Board of Directors consists of W. T. Dunn, C. N. Stahl, P. P. Howley.

The Los Angeles Trust Company has purchased the \$15,000, fire department, issue of Hollywood.

N. W. Halsey & Company have bought the \$160,000 sewer and incinerator bonds of Santa Monica, paying \$2,475 premium.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK.**  
Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring.  
Los Angeles, Cal.  
Statement at close of Business, Aug. 22, 1907

**RESOURCES.**  
Loans and Discounts .....\$10,646,276.80  
Bonds, Securities, Etc. .... 2,643,760.20  
Cash and Sight Exchange..... 4,912,639.52

**TOTAL .....\$18,202,676.52**

**LIABILITIES.**  
Capital Stock .....\$ 1,250,000.00  
\*Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 1,492,257.96  
Circulation ..... 1,250,000.00  
Bonds Borrowed ..... 145,000.00  
Deposits ..... 14,065,418.56

**TOTAL .....\$18,202,676.52**  
\*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

## In the Literary World

The work embodied in two (large octavo) volumes comprising collectively upward of 1,050 pages and entitled *The Province of Burma*, by Alleyne Ireland, F. R. G. S., author of "Tropical Colonization," "The Far Eastern Tropics," &c. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a first hand survey, prepared on behalf of the University of Chicago, which for comprehensiveness and special qualifications on the part of the writer constitutes a model for future contributions to the series called "Colonial Administration in the Far East." In 1901 Mr. Ireland was appointed colonial commissioner of the University of Chicago for the purpose of visiting the Far Eastern countries and preparing a report on the administration of the principal European dependencies in that part of the Asiatic mainland and of the Philippine Islands. The chief aim of the present report is to give an account of the governments of several Asiatic dependencies in such a manner that a comparison may be made of methods and results in each important department of administration under the different forms of government.

Fernand Nicolay has written and Georgia L. Davis has translated an interesting narrative based on numerous hitherto unpublished documents, entitled "Napoleon at the Boulogne Camp" (the John Lane Company.) The author tells us that his reasons for producing the present work were that his father, a native of Boulogne, was owner of the land historically famous for its association with Bonaparte and Admiral Bruix. In this way a number of documents previously unprinted came into his possession and during many years spent on his father's property at the Plateau d'Orde, whereon for a time the Emperor occupied a pavilion, he had many opportunities of acquiring information from old men who had seen and talked with Napoleon and had served under him. While writing these pages, in full view of the splendid panorama of the Boulogne roadstead, he could not help thinking that a detailed account of the Emperor's sojourn on the so-called "Iron Coast" at a critical juncture would be of some psychological interest and might even prove a useful contribution to the military history of a period in which the extraordinary activity of Napoleon, seconded by the ardor of his soldiers and sailors, inspired England with fear and served to or-

ganize the incomparable army that was to conquer at Austerlitz.

Dr. James Orr's important work, "The Virgin Birth of Christ," (Scribner's) has just been published. It will create a profound impression, and will, without doubt, become the standard work on the subject from the conservative standpoint. His brilliant and able statement and broad yet conservative discussion strongly recommend the book. Dr. Orr had the benefit of papers submitted to him by some of the greatest scholars of the day, and, as excerpts from these papers are included in this volume, it is authoritative and almost indispensable.

The lectures included in this book were delivered by Dr. Orr in New York during the month of April, 1907. Their aim is to establish faith in the Incarnation, to meet objections, and to show the intimate connection of fact and doctrine in this transcendent mystery.

The contents are: "Statement of the Case"; "Issues and Preliminary Objections"; "The Gospel Witnesses"; "Genuineness and Integrity of the Records"; "Sources of the Narrative"; "Historical and Internal Credibility"; "The Birth Narratives and the Remaining Literature of the New Testament"; "Alleged Silence of the New Testament"; "Relation to Old Testament Prophecy"; "Witness of Early Church History"; "Mythical Theories of Origin of Narratives of the Virgin Birth"; "Alleged Heathen Analogies"; "Person of Christ as Involving Miracle; Sinlessness and Uniqueness"; "Doctrinal Bearings of the Virgin Birth"; "The Incarnation"; "Summary and Conclusion"; "Appendix Giving Opinions of Living Scholars."

Hugues Le Roux, the well-known French journalist, proposes to establish in America a bureau of French literature in order that an undeserved reproach may be removed from a class of books that we are accustomed to regard, perhaps with some indiscriminate, as "improper." Mr. Le Roux goes so far as to say that American bookstores are flooded with French literature of the most questionable kind that has actually been produced for foreign consumption and that could not find a sale in France.

Mr. Le Roux "doth protest too much." Americans do not get their opinions of French literature from the American book-

stall, but from their general knowledge of the literary world and from their own personal observations in France. A kind of fiction, as well as a kind of drama, is tolerated in France that would not be tolerated in America, and this seems so much of a truism as to be indisputable. Mr. Le Roux might advantageously change his ground. Let him argue that France is pouring out a steady stream of critical works on science and political and social history with which we could on no account dispense. If he must talk about French fiction, then let him maintain—and he can do so triumphantly—that the baser fiction of France is in no sense a reflection of the social and domestic life of the country which, in spite of such literature, remains as lofty and as pure as any upon earth.—Sidney G. P. Coryn in "Argonaut."

Kate Douglas Wiggin's latest book, "Pinafore Palace" (McClure Company, New York)

### The Lion's Share

By Octave Thanet

A new book by the author of "The Man of the Hour."

A story of absorbing interest, optimism, vigor and humor. Its spirit of gaiety, of mystery, of freedom from convention makes it irresistible.

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SANTA MONICA, CAL.

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BARTLETT R. BISHOP, A. B., Principa.

Boarding and Day School for Boys  
Fits for all colleges, scientific schools  
and for business. Fall Term begins  
Sept. 25, 1907. Catalog on application.



is a collection of splendid nursery rhymes. Of it a reviewer writes: The whole gamut is there from the "Fine Lady of Banbury Town" down to the latest offering at the shrine of his majesty The Baby. The preface, by Mrs. Wiggan, is particularly happy. She makes a plea for the "right literature" in the nursery, for something that shall lay the seeds of poetry and sentiment and throw open the doors of imagination and visualization. Life is rough carved in the nursery. In the nursery the compass is set and the helm lashed, and whatever there is of predestination finds its origin there. It would have been a pity to lose any of the rhymes, but a much longer preface from Mrs. Wiggan would compensate even for this."

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,  
Los Angeles, California,  
October 26, 1907.

The Editor:—In all case where Homestead Entries are made after November 1st, 1907, commutation proofs must show actual and continuous bona fide residence, for the full period of 14 months. In all cases where the entries were made before November 1st, 1907, the rule heretofore existing, that six months' constructive residence following the date of the entry will be considered as a part of the required 14 months' residence, will remain in force. This important change will be of interest to the public generally.

Very respectfully,  
FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

#### NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING OF STOCK-HOLDERS.

LOS ANGELES, California.  
October 23rd, 1907.

The annual meeting of Stockholders of COUNTRY CLUB PARK will be held at the offices of the Company, Nos. 103-104 Security Building, 142 West Fifth street, Los Angeles, California, on Thursday, November 7th, 1907, at 2 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

ROBERT MARSH,  
Secretary.

Oct 26 2t.

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Adaline L. New, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Adaline L. New, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator of the estate of Adaline L. New, deceased, at office of Frank C. Prescott, Room 1, No. 118, Court Street, Los Angeles, in the County of Los Angeles.

Dated this 21st day of Oct., A. D. 1907.

ALEXANDER A. F. NEW,

Administrator estate of Adaline L. New, deceased.  
Oct.26-5t date of first publication Oct 26, '07.

#### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.

LAND OFFICE,  
Los Angeles, Cal.,  
Sept....., 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Chester Galgani of Santa Monica, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11125 made June 13, 1906, for the E. 1/2 of S.E. 1/4, Section 24, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at Los Angeles, California on December 6, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: J. U. Henry, William D. Reynolds, Daniel E. Fletcher, Claude M. Allen, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Oct.12-5t.—Date of first publication Oct.12-1907.

#### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.  
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,  
Los Angeles, California,  
September 10, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," Jennie A. Bristol of Sherman, County of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. —, for the purchase of the E. 1/2 of S.E. 1/4 S.W. 1/4 of S.E. 1/4 of Section No. 26, in Township No. 1 S., Range No. 19 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Los Angeles, Cal., on Monday the 23rd day of December, 1907.

She names as witnesses: Albert M. Montgomery of Santa Monica, Cal., Marion Decker, Charles M. Decker, James A. Decker, all of Los Angeles, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 23rd day of December, 1907.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.  
Oct.19-10t.—Date of first publication Oct.19-07.

#### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.  
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,  
Los Angeles, California,  
September 27th, 1907

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Charles E. Haas, of Hollywood, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No. —, for the purchase of the N.W. 1/4 of the N.E. 1/4 of Section No. 27, and the S.W. 1/4 of the S.E. 1/4, of Section No. 22, in Township No. 1 S., Range No. 19 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, California, on Wednesday, the 18th day of December, 1907.

He names as witnesses: Marion Decker, Santa Monica, Cal., Freeman Kincaid, Elmer Kincaid, Ralph Kincaid, all of Los Angeles, California.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 18th day of December, 1907.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.  
Oct.5-07-2t.—Date of first publication Oct.5-07.

#### NOTICE OF CHANGE OF PLACE OF BUSINESS.

Pursuant to the written consent of the holders of more than two-thirds of the issued capital stock of the CARSE COMPANY (a corporation duly organized and existing under the laws of the State of California), which consent has been duly filed in the office of said corporation in the Town of Long Beach (heretofore the Town of San Pedro) in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, on the 26th day of September, 1907, and pursuant to a resolution of the Board of Directors, duly called and held at the said office of said corporation on the 7th day of September, 1907, at which meeting more than quorum of the Directors of said corporation were present:

NOTICE is hereby given that the principal place of business of said corporation, will on the 25th day of October, 1907, be changed and removed from the Town of Long Beach, (heretofore known as San Pedro), in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, to the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, after which date the principal place of business of said corporation will be in the said City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California.

This notice is published by order of the Board of Directors of said Carse Company.

Dated, Long Beach, California, September 25th, 1907.

MABLE CARSE,  
Secretary of Carse Company.

Oct.5-3t.

#### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.

LAND OFFICE,  
Los Angeles, California,  
September 30, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Freeman W. Kincaid of Santa Monica, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11158 made August 13, 1906, for the S.W. 1/4 of N.W. 1/4 of Section 26, and Lot 5, S.E. 1/4 of N.E. 1/4, N.E. 1/4 of S.E. 1/4 of Section 27, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver, at Los Angeles, Cal. on November 29, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: Marion Decker, James Decker, I. S. Colyer, Ernest Decker, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.  
Oct.19-5t.—Date of first publication Oct.19-07.

#### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.  
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,  
Los Angeles, California,  
September 11th, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," Ferd Tetzloff of Chatsworth, in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. —, for the purchase of the Lot 1, of Section No. 23, in Township No. 2, N. of Range No. 17 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Los Angeles, California, on Thursday the 5th day of December, 1907.

He names as witnesses: August Schweikhard, Ramon Miranda, Swan Paulson, and F. A. Graves, all of Chatsworth, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 5th day of December, 1907.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.  
Sept.28-10t.—Date of first publication Sept.28-07.

#### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.

LAND OFFICE,  
Los Angeles, California,  
July 24th, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that J. J. Doyle of Porterville, Cal., heir of Samuel Doyle, deceased, for the heirs of said deceased, has filed notice of his intention to make final Commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 10858 made July 11, 1905, for the Lot 1, Section 15, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. M., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver, at Los Angeles, Cal., on December 10th, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: Mrs. A. G. Leffinwell, James Monroe, and R. F. Gates, all of Calabasas, Cal., and Fred Graves, of Chatsworth, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.  
Nov.2-5t.—Date of first publication Nov.2-07.

#### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.

LAND OFFICE,  
Los Angeles, California,  
September 18, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Michael Chick, of Santa Monica, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final Commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11121 made June 11, 1906, for the E. 1/2 of S.E. 1/4 Section 21, S.W. 1/4 of S.W. 1/4 Section 22 and N.E. 1/4 of N.E. 1/4 Section 23, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at Los Angeles, Cal., on December 3, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: J. U. Henry, Hippolyte Bienle, Pierre Briand, Celestine P. Herit, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.  
Nov.2-5t.—Date of first publication Nov.2-07.



## BISHOP'S CUP CHOCOLATE



When you very much want to make a cup of chocolate some time and find there is no milk in the house, then you will appreciate "Cup Chocolate," which contains the milk and sugar, and requires only boiling water for preparing.

If you want a hot drink any time, anywhere, if you have a cake of Cup Chocolate, and can get boiling water, in a moment you can have a delicious cup of chocolate.

Quarter, half and pound packages at all grocers.

**Bishop & Company**  
Los Angeles

## GOLD MEDAL FOR LILY MILK

First honors in its class at the Sacramento State Fair just closed.

Lily Milk defeated all competitors and there were a host of them.

In every point considered Lily Milk emerged Victor—Lily Milk withstood every test known to milk experts.

There were tests for:

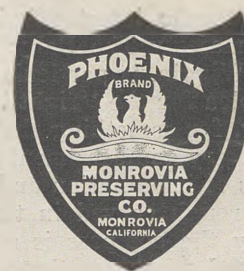
Purity,  
Cleanliness,  
Nutrition value,  
Richness.

In fact, tests for every quality that a good, wholesome milk ought to possess.

Lily Milk was pronounced perfect—it was proven by impartial tests to be better than any other milk—it was pronounced so by unbiased judges.

Start using Lily Milk now—discard dairy milk with its uncertain cleanliness and purity—order Lily Milk of your Grocer tomorrow.

**Pacific Creamery Co.**  
Los Angeles



## PRESERVES

### Something New

Made in the foothills. Are different from others. They are made of FRUIT and CANE SUGAR—  
NOTHING ELSE.

ASK YOUR GROCER

**Phoenix Brand**  
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Between Los Angeles and stations east as far as Beaumont, including branch lines. Also on Santa Ana branch.

Trip on "Inside Track" through the orange groves to Redlands and Riverside and return, \$2.05. Riverside or San Bernardino, \$1.75. Ontario, \$1.20. Pomona, \$1.00. Anaheim, 80c. Beaumont, \$2.45, and others. Information at

**CITY TICKET OFFICE**  
**600 South Spring St., Cor. Sixth**  
**OR AT ARCADE STATION**

**SOUTHERN PACIFIC**

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THE BEST FUEL

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The great improvements in our entire system, assuring an inexhaustible supply of gas this winter, the convenience and economy in the use of gas, make it advisable for you to install heaters and prepare to use gas. We now have and will continue to have more gas than can possibly be used. Our system is in perfect condition, and we can furnish you perfect service. Connections and meters installed free.

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